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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE confidence which we have more than once expressed in the political capacity, the self-restraint, the patience, and the patriotism of the Italians is receiving abundant justification from the manner in which they are passing through the present crisis. On all sides and in every part of the country there seems to be the utmost willingness to regard the recent convention with France hopefully and trustfully, and to avoid anything which may impede its execution or increase the difficulties with which Victor Emanuel has to contend. Even the restless, turbulent, and to some extent, childish Neapolitans are affording a remarkable proof of the invigorating influence of freedom, and are behaving in a manner which affords not less gratification than astonishment to the most sanguine friends of Italian unity. So far from clamouring against the provisional arrangement which makes Florence the temporary capital of the country, they have acquiesced without a murmur in the selection of the Tuscan city, and are now foremost in expressions of sympathy for the sacrifices which the population of Turin are called upon to make. It seems indeed not improbable that the removal of the capital will tend to heal the dissensions which have hitherto existed between the Piedmontese and the rest of the nation. Considerable jealousy has hitherto been felt, especially by the Neapolitans, at the predominant influence of their northern fellow-citizens. The latter have lain, perhaps not altogether without cause, under the suspicion of attempting to engross a larger share than properly belongs to them in the administration of the country. Such suspicions will have far less plausibility, and also far less foundation in fact, when Turin ceases to be the seat of Government, and descends to the level of a provincial town. It may be said that the only effect of the change will be to substitute the Tuscans for the Piedmontese as the objects of jealousy. But for many reasons we do not believe that this will be the case—at all events unless Rome remains so long in the hands of the Pope that Florence loses its character of a merely provisional metropolis. In the meantime it is satisfactory to observe that preparations are already making for diminishing the French garrison in Rome, and that Austria shows every sign of acquiescence in the new arrangement. We are told by a Viennese paper of some authority that the Cabinet of Francis Joseph, without abandoning its passive policy in the affairs of Italy, "will imbue it with a character of benevolent abstention"—whatever that may mean. And it is also said that the Austrian ambassador at the Roman Court will receive instructions to enlighten the Holy See so as to prevent its entertaining wrong illusions as regards the mission of Austria. If these statements are correct, they

indicate on the part of that Power an intention to let things take their course at Rome—and that is all that is wanted or expected from her.

The difficulties of Russia are not at an end with the suppression of the Polish insurrection. The social fermentation which has existed since the inauguration of the measures for the emancipation of the peasants is extreme, and is rapidly extending. Revolutionary societies are increasing in numbers and in boldness. Their operations are marked in a manner characteristic of the country, by the frequent burning of villages and towns. It is said that to the members of one society, called "The Nihilists," in conjunction with the Poles incorporated in the army, is due the destruction of the Simbirk in one of the provinces bordering on the Volga; and casualties of a similar character, although not of equal magnitude, are reported from Moscow, Orel, Kaluga, Narwa, and other places. We are told, indeed, that these crimes are partly due to the peasants, who employ this means of avenging themselves on their former masters. But, if this be true, it only adds another element of danger. It has long been notorious that the nobility groaned under the autocratic sway of the Czar; and that the cultivated classes yearned for some share of that liberty which is enjoyed by the Western nations of Europe. The superstitious veneration of the lowest and most numerous class of the population for the Emperor, as the representative of the Almighty on earth, has, however, hitherto afforded a secure basis for the Imperial power. If that feeling be shaken, or if an impression gains ground amongst the half-civilized masses that the benevolent intentions of the Czar are defeated by those about him, it is almost impossible to set any limits to the social disorganization of this vast and unwieldy empire. Although they may themselves nourish no revolutionary intentions, the peasants will infallibly become the instruments of those who do. And, while we are far from asserting that the existing difficulties are insuperable, we may venture to anticipate that they will for some time task to the utmost the energies of the Government, and reduce to a minimum the influence of Russia upon European politics.

We regret to observe the existence of a very unsatisfactory state of things in Greece. The expulsion of King Otho and the election of King George have not abolished faction, nor materially abated the violence of those passions which have been the bane of the country. The discussions on the new Constitution have already developed party spirit and personal antagonism in their most aggravated forms; nor have there been wanting unmistakeable signs of popular disappointment at the non-arrival of that golden era of national prosperity and peace which the late revolution was expected to usher in. Even our cession of the Ionian

Islands has proved a source of discord rather than a bond of union. A debate in the Chambers on the assimilation of the Ionian Islands to Greece, so far as taxation is concerned, has recently given rise to a succession of the most turbulent scenes, in the course of which weapons were brandished and blows were struck. But although Greece is far from assuming a settled condition, and constitutional government in that country has yet to struggle with the most serious obstacles and embarrassments—there is no reason for despair. There is nothing in the present state of things which should surprise us if we bear in mind the recent history of the country. It is impossible that the anarchy which was fostered under the rule of the Bavarian sovereign should at once subside and leave no trace behind. The most that can fairly be expected is a slow and gradual progress, and at present we see no ground for thinking that this is hopeless. But in order that it should take place the Greeks must be left to themselves—to work out their political salvation without foreign intervention, or the mischievous nursing of the protecting powers. No people were ever rendered truly free, or really fit for freedom, by such means. We therefore sincerely trust there is no truth in the report that Earl Russell has addressed a note to the Greek Cabinet, declaring that England, in conjunction with France and Russia, will take steps for the maintenance of order, and the strengthening of the reigning dynasty. Apart from the injurious effects of such a policy upon Greece, it would be a gross infraction of the principle of non-intervention, and would afford a painful contrast to our apathetic indifference under other circumstances and in regard to other nations. We cannot afford to give fresh occasion for a sneer at the difference between our conduct towards the strong and the weak.

The refusal of the English Government to discontinue transportation to Western Australia has excited a strong feeling of indignation in the colony of Victoria. The Cabinet of that colony have laid before the governor, Sir Charles Darling, a minute couched in very emphatic terms. After recording their conviction that the time for mere remonstrance is over, they state that they have urged the Governments of the other free colonies to pass measures for cutting off Western Australia from all intercourse with the rest of the continent; and they request the governor to notify formally to the Imperial authorities, that unless the Peninsular and Oriental Company consent that their packets shall not touch at any port in Western Australia, the colony of Victoria will cease to contribute towards the postal subsidy. The framers of the minute say that they cannot express the pain which they have felt in being obliged to take this course; but we must confess that we do not see any signs of such "pain" in the language of the document, which is far from conciliatory or respectful towards the mother country. However, that is comparatively immaterial. The real question is—What is to be done? Are we to insist on sending our convicts to Western Australia at the risk of alienating the other colonies? It appears to us that, although the apprehensions of those colonies are highly exaggerated, and their conduct is very unreasonable, we have really little or no choice but to comply with their wishes. Rightly or wrongly they have come to entertain a fixed and permanent conviction that transportation, on the most limited scale, to any part of the continent affects their interests injuriously; and they have also taken it up as a point of honour, that Australia should be freed from the convict taint. It is vain to hope that we can ever remove this conviction or change this feeling. And this being so, it certainly seems better to submit to the inconvenience of abandoning the use of a penal settlement than to incur the hazard of a rupture with our kindred in the southern hemisphere.

According to the Hong-Kong papers received by the last mail there is every prospect of a speedy resumption of hostilities in Japan. It is said that our demand for the opening of the inland sea has been rejected by the Prince of Nagato, and that it is intended to enforce compliance by means of a naval force. A fleet of sixteen English, ten French, and four Dutch vessels were to leave Yokohama about the 24th inst., and there seems little doubt as to the object of the expedition. We receive this intelligence with unaffected regret. We had hoped that the lesson given at Kagosima would not have been lost on the other Daimios, whose possessions lie on the sea-coast, and that we should not have had any further reason to

complain of their interference with our commerce. It would seem, however, that the process of convincing these chieftains that they cannot defy us with impunity, is likely to be more tedious than we had anticipated. There is, however, no escape from the work unless we are prepared to abandon our position in Japan. The Government of the country is becoming weaker and weaker, and is evidently wholly unable to secure the execution of our treaty or to give us redress for its infraction. According to one account the Tycoon has been deserted by his council; while another informs us that brigandage prevails to a great extent in many provinces. Under these circumstances there is no alternative but to deal with any offending Daimios as if they were in theory the independent princes which they appear to be in fact.

The death of the Duke of Newcastle adds another to the long list of eminent statesmen who have been recently cut off in the prime of their lives, and the maturity of their powers. His grace did not, indeed, possess the distinguished abilities of many of his contemporaries and political associates whose loss we deplore. He was not a Dalhousie, a Herbert, a Lewis, or a Canning. But his talents were of no mean order; his judgment was sound, and in devotion to the public service he was surpassed by none. Entering life a Tory of the strictest sect, he became a Liberal in the best and truest sense of that word. Nor will any one venture to insinuate that this change in his views was due to anything but sincere conviction. For the Duke was a man both of rare conscientiousness and thorough independence of thought; and to a sense that this was the case he owed much of the influence which he possessed either in Parliament or in the country. He was not an administrator of the first class, but he did well whatever could be effected by patient labour, by sound common sense, and by the exercise of a thoroughly unbiassed and impartial judgment. As a Colonial minister he was eminently successful in conciliating the attachment of our distant dependencies; and if he failed as a war minister it is now admitted on all hands that his failure involved no personal disgrace. It is, indeed, highly improbable that in the then state of our military organization any one could have done much better than he did; and it is certain that no one could have sustained with more dignity the storm of obloquy to which he was exposed. He bore his undeserved disgrace with the simple unaffected manliness which so strikingly characterised him. The temporary shade cast upon his reputation soon passed away; and long before he resigned for the last time the seals of the Colonial Office he had come to be generally regarded as one of the most useful and valuable of our public servants. Although his career has terminated prematurely, he did not live in vain; for he afforded a bright example, not only to his own order, but to all those below him, by his earnest, unselfish, and zealous discharge of public duties, always of a most laborious, and frequently of a very thankless character.

The military news which we have received from America during the past week exhibits the position and prospects of the Confederates in a far more favourable light than that under which they appeared when we last wrote. It is clear that the sanguine expectations which the Federals based upon Sheridan's victories in the Shenandoah Valley have not been realized, and that even if this general has not sustained defeat he has seen good reason to assume a "masterly inactivity" for at least a fortnight. The position of the Confederates on the Blue-ridge has apparently been found unassailable, while any further advance up the Valley in the direction of Lynchburg has been prevented by the fear of exposing the rear and the line of communications of the army to an attack from Early. Indeed the Northern commander has even now quite enough to do to protect them, since it is admitted that the Southern cavalry constantly capture his messengers and despatches, and sometimes even intercept his trains of supplies. General Grant has attempted two operations with the army of the Potomac, and has failed in both. General Meade endeavoured to occupy a position on the Lynchburg railway to the south of Petersburg, but, although he carried a line of rifle-pits, he was repulsed with severe loss when he assailed the line of works beyond. On the north of the James river a similar fate befell Generals Birney and Ord. Moving towards Richmond from the direction in which McClellan advanced in 1862, and over ground then partly held by him, they, like Meade, captured some rifle-pits, but were subsequently defeated in an attack upon the real defences of the position. They found it

necessary to entrench themselves, and have since had to sustain some fierce attacks from the Confederates, who have now resumed the offensive in this quarter. Up to the date of the last advices they had succeeded in holding their ground, but they were evidently unable to make any forward movement. The accounts from the seat of war in Georgia and Tennessee warrant the belief that Sherman's position at Atlanta is becoming, even if it has not already become extremely critical. If, indeed, it should turn out to be true that General Hood's army has passed round Atlanta and taken up a position to the north of that town, the retreat of the Federal general would be inevitable. This statement, however, requires confirmation, but it is beyond doubt that the activity of Wheeler and Forrest on Sherman's lines of communications was regarded by the authorities at Washington with uneasiness and even alarm. In Missouri the Confederates have made an important diversion; while the Federals have been unable to effect anything further at Mobile. Upon the whole, we think it may fairly be said that in the most recent operations the balance of advantage rests with the South.

THE NAVAL EXODUS.

THE best of our men-of-war's-men are leaving the Queen's service by scores. Seamen in their prime, after ten or twelve years careful training in the usages and discipline of the Royal Navy, and in the acts and arms of modern warfare, are exchanging the Royal for the mercantile marine. As the various ships of war return from their four or five years' foreign service, the men we look to to man our new ships seize the opportunity to quit the Royal Navy. Those at home only wait for the completion of their ten years' engagements to carry their labour to what, for some reason, they esteem a better market. At this moment the vitality of the Channel fleet is abating, the ships remain, but the best of their seamen are going or gone. The aged, the lame, the lazy, and those whose ten years' engagements are not expired, remain, and with reduced crews sufficient for yachting purposes, but insufficient to work or fight (if need be) their guns, the ships manoeuvre from Portsmouth to the Lizard and from the Lizard to Portland-roads. The public only become aware of this great naval exodus by the accidental circumstance of the expiration of the term of service of the Mediterranean flagship. Another ship and crew are required to relieve her. The ship, a three-decker, the *Victoria*, has long ago been prepared, and the *matériel* of her equipment completed, but the *personnel* are nowhere to be found. The officers and the marines, forming the *standing* portion of the navy, are at hand; the boys the training-ships provide; but to fill up the full complement of 1,000 men, artificers of every imaginable trade, and, above all, *seamen* are required. The old principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul is the only resource. An experimental vessel, fitted at the cost of some £100,000, to test a singular innovation in naval architecture, is sacrificed. She is laid up under an extinguisher before her first series of experiments is half begun, and before impartial men can safely determine whether she is a mere naval curiosity, or the model of our future navy. This sacrifice produces considerably less than a hundred men, as the majority of her crew are in a position to join the exodus. Another iron-clad follows, and so Peter being robbed here and there, we may eventually find Paul fully paid, but in anything but sterling coin.

With a rare political foresight, the reduction of the navy estimates for the current year was effected by curtailing the producing powers of the seamanship factories to the amount of 2,000 trained lads per annum. Thus, at the very moment that our prime seamen are leaving, the supply valves are partially throttled.

If our prime men-of-war's men are really joining the mercantile navy, and will actually remain there, so that in the country's extremity they may still be available, then we consider the change of employment as the mere voluntary formation of a nautical reserve, which the country should rather rejoice in than regret. But is it really so? Will the members of the present naval exodus be forthcoming for the Queen's service in the event of a maritime war five or ten years hence? We don't think the great majority will be available. The tastes and habits and acquirements of the merchant and of the Royal seamen are so different, that they have really very little in common. The one is the carrier, the other the policeman of the seas. Taken young, either may acquire the skill and the habits of the other; but taken in his prime, the best merchant seamen don't relish the awkward

squads of gun, rifle, sword, and even sail drill, the clean shave, the neat dress, and the soap-using practices of a ship of war; whilst the prime men-of-war's-men soon tire of nine months' annual wages, the miseries of the fore-castle, the heavy and the general labour of a merchant ship. The officers of the two services each dislike the other's men, finding them unskilled in their own specialties. The man-of-war's man who, being tempted by high wages for nine months in the year, or discontented with the slender prospects in his own service, carries his labour to what he esteems a better market, soon either rises in his new sphere to an officer's position, or returns to his first love, or—as we believe to be more generally the case—quits either the sea or his country altogether.

Thus, the careful Government training lost to the Queen's service, educates the individual for a mercantile sea-officer, or furnishes Captain Schard's brigade, &c., with recruits, or colonizes distant lands, or, worse still, supplies foreign navies with their best petty officers and seamen. We do not believe that the majority of our seamen in foreign navies would fight against their own country, but in the event of our being at war with another Power, our seamen in the neutral ships of war would not be available to us.

The great problem we have to deal with is, how to attach our seamen to their own country, and especially to the Queen's service. The inducements to remain in the Royal Navy are evidently insufficient. Their attachment to their own country is undoubtedly weak. The latter failing is, doubtless, engendered by a profession necessarily cosmopolitan in its employments, and though the failing may be partially corrected, it can never be wholly eradicated. Less extended periods of foreign service, and more frequent returns to England, might tend to strengthen the attachment to home, and weaken the migrating tendencies. If naval barracks ever become a reality, and seamen's wives were officially acknowledged and cared for in the neighbourhood of the barracks, the very strongest guarantee for good conduct and against desertion would be retained in the hands of the Government. To attach men of spirit, of skill, and of education, such as we now impart, to the Queen's service, petty officerships must be made honourable and responsible ranks, such as non-commissioned officers' positions are held to be in the army. And as the recruit now has an officer's commission to aspire to, so should distinguished petty officers have held out to them something more worth striving for than a warrant, which the best men frequently refuse.

We do not pretend to deal with the peculiar disabilities of our men-of-war's-men in detail, nor even to enter at length on the means of their removal; but we esteem it a matter of national importance, calling for careful inquiry, that such a naval exodus should so suddenly have set in, and that such a time should be selected for the reduction of our training establishments to the extent of 2,000 lads. Surely something is "rotten in the state of Denmark," and if that something be unchecked, we may find ourselves, when on the eve of a war, unable to procure trained men for our fleets, and the rottenness will be discovered too late, to be in a "state" nearer home.

MR. BANTING AND THE BENEDICTINE ORDER.

THE respective effects of sugar and of starch upon the human person still continue to be a matter of vehement discussion in the daily papers. The poet tells us that the world knows nothing of its fattest men. It is beginning to know a good deal about its fattest men, for they are all writing vehemently, one after another, to the London press upon the interesting subject of their obesity. Their missionary ardour is very pleasant and very catching. It is a pity that Mr. Banting and Mr. Mechi did not live in the days of Shakespeare. Hamlet need never have wished in vain that his too, too solid flesh would melt. Falstaff would have reduced his size in three weeks by forswearing sack, and might, at the expiration of the time, have marched through Coventry as thin as the rest of his regiment. The rapid induction which led Julius Cæsar to his famous estimate of the relative conspirator-power of fat and of lean men might, again, have been seriously upset by the introduction of saccharine matter into the diet of Cassius and Brutus. There is, however, one remarkable circumstance connected with the Banting controversy which has never been hitherto observed. It seems odd that it is only the very fat men who experiment upon themselves, and who publish the result of their experiments in the *Times* from month to month. Where are all the lean men? Where are those whipping-posts who never took sugar in their coffee, and who suddenly have become respectably full-bodied by feeding on it in quantities?

As yet, they have made no sign; though, if sugar is poison to the rotund, it ought to be a godsend to every Master Slender in the country. The fat kine are having it all their own way. The lean kine appear to be of a more retiring disposition, and leave the columns of the press clear for the epistolary correspondence of those whose figures, like King Arthur's round table, are the image of the mighty world.

Admiral Fitzroy's drum has become, after much dispute, a staple portion of the daily intelligence of the *Times*. Mr. Mechi's weighing machine is, doubtless, as scientific and certainly as interesting a study as either the drum of the worthy Admiral or the thermometer of Mr. Lowe. It ought to have a column assigned to it as well; and, for the sake of symmetry, the special intelligence about the bodily state of Mr. Mechi and Mr. Banting ought to figure next in order after the news of the molasses and the rice market. When molasses were brisk and buoyant, Mr. Mechi would probably be exactly the reverse. Rice and Mr. Banting would be flat together. A quick trade in the sugar market would imply that a proportionate number of British subjects were growing heavy; and if Mr. Buckle was still alive he would find no more difficulty in tracing the moral character of Mr. Banting's disciples to the fluctuations in starch, than he has in deducing the qualities of the Egyptian from his lotus, or the Indian from his rice. There are a certain number of vegetarians who insist that vegetable diet is the true path to human happiness and virtue. The testimony of Mr. Banting goes far to prove that there is something in their reasoning. It is evident that domestic life may be cloudy or sunshiny, according as a man takes his tea plain, or with cream. The milk-jug and the sugar-basin are the great enemies of the human race. If Hogarth could only revisit these earthly scenes, pencil in hand, he might have given us a pendant to the *Rake's Progress*. The first tableau might depict the fated and unhappy youth as he appears in all the beauty of pristine slimmness before he ever came across a cow, or was tempted to make acquaintance with the produce of the sugar-cane. In an evil hour he is introduced to a sugar-tongs, which proves his ruin. He no longer enjoys the happy and innocent pleasure of slimmness. In the sequel he is seen gradually growing fatter and fatter as he progresses from one lump in his cup to more. The last scene of the eventful history is, indeed, a harrowing one. The wretched man has become a confirmed sugar-drinker. He is unwieldy and rotund; he is obliged to get out of cabs and to go down-stairs backwards. He has not tied his own shoes for years. He is observed seated sadly at his breakfast table, surrounded by honeys and by jams of every description, the instruments of his moral destruction. In the foreground are an emptied butter-dish and a sugar basin of portentous size. In the background are the fell demons of corpulency and breathlessness waiting to hurry him to his grave. Such is the sugar-drinker's progress, the decline and fall of man from his condition of sugarless simplicity.

A scientific F.R.S. has very properly called attention to the fact that anti-saccharine experiments, if they are worth making at all, ought to be made methodically and upon proper scientific principles. It is no use to deal superficially with the question, and so much both Mr. Banting and Mr. Mechi acknowledge in their turn. Both of them appear to be imbued with the true spirit of the Baconian philosophy. Mr. Mechi takes care to weigh himself at proper hours and in the proper costume. He keeps his scales in his dressing-room, and jumps into them with the same regularity as that with which other men jump into their bath. The F.R.S., however, is right in the main. It is undesirable that so important a branch of natural philosophy should be left to the empiric experimenting of any pair, however conscientious and however fat. The investigation ought to be conducted on a large area, and under proper scientific supervision. We learn that a paper on the subject of Bantingism was read at Bath before the British Association. That illustrious body has a fund from which it assists worthy experiments, such as Mr. Glaisher's ballooning. It is difficult to see why experiments on the Banting system should not be arranged by the same illustrious society, and their expenses defrayed from the same source. Bantingizing is surely as dangerous as ballooning; for a thorough-going Banting exposes his life for the good of his fellow-creatures as bravely as the most intrepid aeronaut. Perhaps the most serious obstacle is the difficulty of finding a number of individuals willing to yield themselves up as subjects for the experiments of science. There is only one Mr. Glaisher, and there are, probably, not many Bantings. If Mr. Banting had been, indeed, a denizen of Russia in the days of Peter the Great, or of Prussia in the times of Frederick, there would have been no delay. His system would have been tried immediately upon the fattest and

most desperate criminals. For a free country the plan would prove, perhaps, a failure. That the State should Bantingize a gaol-bird against his will would be as odious to all enlightened citizens as flogging in the army is to those metropolitan members whose seat is contested hotly. It might, indeed, be possible to advertise for living models whose duty was to be to regulate their diet with precision, and to take observations of their personal declension with accurate nicety. But it is to be feared that science would suffer by enlisting under her sacred banner an army of cold-blooded mercenaries. They would treat Mr. Banting as Sancho Panza treated Don Quixote in the matter of the stripes which were to disenchant Dulcinea, and which, when Don Quixote's back was turned, his squire laid vigorously on to the neighbouring tree. To try Mr. Banting's system thoroughly, enthusiasts and not mercenaries are wanted, only that enthusiasts in the cause of abstinence are not so easily discovered.

There is, however, one society which might, perhaps, be induced to take up the system both in a conscientious and enthusiastic manner. We allude to the Benedictine Order of Brother Ignatius. In the cause of religion they consent to crop their back hair, and for months together to be unnaturally cold about the legs. This frigid discipline has lasted all the summer, and promises to hold out against the utmost severity of an English winter. It is evident, therefore, that any scheme of personal discomfort which Brother Ignatius and his friends may undertake to try, they will religiously and courageously carry out. The discipline of Mr. Banting seems at first sight peculiarly suitable to so self-denying a set of gentlemen. Loss of flesh is, we assume, an object to the Order, and fasting is usually supposed to be as thinning and as disagreeable as scourging itself. The rules of the Norwich monastery are, as we learn from its reverend director, strict and precise in the extreme. Brother Ignatius has only to outlaw sugar, and the emaciation of the entire society will in a few weeks be a *fait accompli*. To send Mr. Banting to the workhouse or to gaol for human subjects to place under experiment, would be to send him to unwilling victims. The Benedictines, on the other hand, seem ready made to his hand—an all-enduring and enthusiastic corps. Their community of life will enable every one to keep an eye upon his neighbour, and to see that he goes like a man into his morning scales; and as the displeasure of Brother Ignatius and of the departed St. Benedict would fall on all unprincipled self-indulgence, there is no fear that any English monk will be caught concealing sweetmeats in his cell. It will, moreover, be for the honour and interest of the monastery to obey Mr. Banting's precepts with a willing mind. To be the leanest religious body in Europe would be a triumph worthy of almost any sacrifice. The pre-eminent distinction of the tonsure and the sandals itself must fade before so great a glory, and the Benedictines might feel a sincere pleasure in thinking that they were, by one and the same regimen, serving the cause of religion and of social science.

THE MORALS OF BETHNAL GREEN.

SPECULATIVE writers, who are fond of giving sudden and unexpected jars to the accepted ideas of society, have sometimes expressed a doubt as to whether there is any such thing as virtue and vice, *per se*, or in the abstract; whether what we call by those names are not purely conventional ideas, varying in different times and countries, changing every now and then like the very fashion of our garments, and possessing no solid foundation in nature or in reason. Shakespeare, in whom the cogitative habit of mind was strongly developed—who seems to have had no very positive or dogmatic opinions, but an unlimited capacity for throwing forth materials for thought on all conceivable subjects—apparently alludes to the doubt at which we have glanced when he says that "there is nothing good or ill, but thinking makes it so." Ancient philosophers and modern sectarians have equally been found to assert that a thing is evil only as we think it evil, and not in its nature or essence; and the worldly-minded man, who makes his own pleasure the rule of his life, certainly acts upon this comfortable doctrine, whether or not he gives himself the trouble to argue out the thesis as an intellectual exercise. For ourselves, the opinion is one which we should be very slow to accept. We have no doubt that the virtues have as firm a basis in the nature of things as the animal instincts, and that morals—eliminating whatever is merely artificial and temporary—are in truth the highest expression of the most perfect law. But there can be no question that habit and vicious familiarity can so blind the natural perceptions that the grossest violations of decency will seem venial, or even of no account whatever.

It is impossible to read the great writers of Greece and Rome without being perpetually astounded, not at their profligacy—for that, alas! is never astounding to any one who has lived beyond the inexperience of youth—but at the utter complacency with which they regarded the most extreme transgressions of the moral law. Their depravity was at times so excessive, and yet so benignly unconscious, as to bear the aspect of a sort of fantastic and ghastly innocence. Pope's well-known couplet which asserts that

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

is a mere piece of clap-trap, to which no man ever gave a serious assent, even when spouting it from pulpit or platform. The melancholy truth is, that, in certain conditions of the understanding, common to whole classes, and at times to whole nations, Vice looks so very far from hideous that she excites no repulsion whatever. Even Pope, after he has had his bit of clap-trap, and has done with it, goes on to say:—

"Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is a depravation of the mind, if you will; but, unfortunately, we have to deal with such depravations as something more than unusual facts.

We have been led into these reflections by the report of an inquest held on the 14th inst. at Bethnal-green, on the body of Phoebe Stanbury, a woman of forty-three, the wife of a hawker. Bethnal-green, during the last twelvemonth, has made itself unpleasantly famous in a variety of ways. It is just a year ago since we described that gloomy region of poverty and disease then scourged by an epidemic caused by scandalous defiance of sanitary regulations. Since then, there have been we know not how many inquests on wretched women and children perishing of hunger and of the neglect of parish officers. That dingy wilderness of old and rotten tenements lying to the north-east of the City is one of the poorest neighbourhoods in London—one of the worst for the savage foulness of its dens and cellars. But in the present instance the death was owing neither to famine nor to pestilence. It was the old story of drunkenness resulting in an accident which would never have happened but for the intemperance of the deceased. Some one has profanely said that there is a special Providence which watches over drunkards, and saves them from falling into harm; and there appear to be persons who really believe that the incompetent bacchalian is always wonderfully preserved from the casualties which would seem to threaten his helpless state. There cannot be a grosser or more foolish fallacy. No man can read the newspapers without knowing that fatal accidents from drunkenness are of common occurrence. Phoebe Stanbury is a case in point. It seems that the houses in Bethnal-green, or some of them, are constructed in so odd a way that it is easier to get in at the windows than at the doors. On the 12th inst., Phoebe Stanbury returned home from the public-house very much the worse for what she had had there, and essayed to get in in the usual way. She was making the attempt, however, at the window of a wrong house, and in her muddled blundering she dashed the top of her head against the brickwork over the window, "with such force," as a little girl who witnessed the occurrence stated at the inquest, "that the blow on the skull sounded over the whole neighbourhood, just as if her head was hollow like"—which to some extent it very probably was. The unhappy wretch at once fell down, and, being lifted by the neighbours, was led "to her own window"—the door being manifestly the last thing thought of. Of the blow thus received, Phoebe Stanbury died; and so far there is nothing remarkable in the story—nothing to distinguish it from the numerous cases which come before the Coroner, to refute the notion of a special Providence for drunkards. The evidence of the husband, however, reveals a singular phase of low life, and induces us to wonder whether vice and virtue appear in the same light to the utterly uneducated and untrained as they do to us. George Stanbury said that he had been married to his wife for twenty years, and that during the whole of that time she had been drunk. The profligate Earl of Rochester told Bishop Burnet that he had not been sober for five years; but Phoebe Stanbury achieved that feat four times over. When married, she was but a girl of three-and-twenty; yet she was a drunkard. "I drank, too," said George Stanbury to the Coroner—"worse luck for me!" The strange part of the business is, that this mutual drunkenness engendered no mutual distaste. These two sottish and degraded creatures seem to have loved one another, and, since some species of respect is necessary to love, to have respected one another. On the morning of the 12th, Stanbury was away for

some hours, drinking. At three o'clock in the afternoon, he went home for something to eat; jumped in at the window, found his wife lying on the floor, "dead drunk" (she had by that time received the injury on the head), got a crust, and jumped out of the window. ("We always used the window," he explained in answer to the Coroner's very natural question as to whether there was no door; "it was the easiest.") He was away until three o'clock in the morning, and at that hour, while smoking a pipe, spoke of his wife to a neighbour in terms of the warmest affection. He knew that he had left her some hours before in a state of filthy intoxication. He knew her habits, and that, if she had partially recovered in the meanwhile, she was much more likely than not to have been off again to the gin-palace. She had been drunk for twenty years, and was therefore not likely to be sober then. Yet he contemplated rejoining her, not merely with the toleration of habit, but with actual pleasure. The pipe having been smoked out, he threw up the window and jumped in "over his wife," who was still on the floor. "When I struck a light," he said, in giving his evidence at the inquest, "I took her in my arms and kissed her, and to my horror I found she was cold and dead. I dropped her flap on the floor, and jumped like lightning out through the window. I ran down the street, and 'hollered' for assistance. Everybody came rushing out of the houses, and asked what was the matter. A crowd gathered, and the police came." Bearing in mind the extraordinary mode of ingress into the room, and the position of the deceased on the floor, the Coroner very properly asked the witness if he jumped upon or injured the woman. "No," he replied, apparently misunderstanding the drift of the question; "*I loved her too much. I do not know how she came by her injuries; I did nothing to her.*" There seems no reason to believe that the man was acting a part, or pretending to an affection he did not really feel. Bethnal-green has had its love-story of ancient times, which the sweet old ballad has preserved for us and for yet later generations: here is a love-story of the Bethnal-green of to-day. A drunk Cupid and a drunk Psyche: Pyramus and Thisbe in the kennel—yet not without a certain pathos and redeeming virtue: two maudlin doves, billing and cooing in the intervals of sipping gin—and yet not wholly depraved, because of that one remaining grace. Far be it from us to say that it was not much better that George Stanbury should go on loving his drunken partner than that he should have lived with her in a mood of recrimination and violence; yet it is difficult to understand *how* he can have done so. He is sufficiently aware of the undesirableness of intoxication as a habit of life to exclaim, after stating that *he* drank too—"worse luck for me!" Yet his wife's twenty years' inebriation can have roused in him no disgust; and his own sins of the same nature seem to have excited in her no repulsion. They appear to have accepted that condition of things with the same complacency with which the married ladies and gentlemen of the upper class frequently tolerate notorious breaches of the seventh commandment. Drunkenness with George and Phoebe Stanbury was not a vice; was not a bodily impurity; was not a thing nasty and loathsome; was not a cause for mutual recoiling and horror: at the worst, it was only at times an inconvenience. When George Stanbury, moved by such faint hunger as drunkards feel, leapt in at the window at three o'clock in the afternoon, found his wife lying semi-insensible on the floor, and, having asked for the key of the cupboard, received for answer, "I know nothing of no keys," he probably felt for the moment that sottishness in a wife is a slight drawback from comfortable housekeeping; but he does not seem to have been provoked to wrath, and twelve hours afterwards we find him as affectionate as ever. It is notorious that, amongst the very poor, drunkenness is not held disgraceful in either man or woman: this romance of Bethnal-green may teach us that it is scarcely regarded as an obstacle to love.

A question of a purely financial kind is also suggested by the narrative. Where does the money come from by which all this indulgence is maintained? Drunkenness is an expensive luxury; even gin, consumed morning, noon, and night for twenty years, must cost a small fortune. The answer to the question is to be found in rotten and fetid homes, in ragged clothes, in starved bodies, in the absence of all which can make life decent, and the world other than a monstrous chaos.

A DEAD MAN'S BRAINS.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* of the present month contains a somewhat amusing narrative of a visit of a barrister to a criminal lunatic asylum near Salisbury. The visitor, after finding himself in the company of a score of *ci-devant* mur-

derers, came away firmly convinced that criminal mania is by no means an uncommon disease, and that the public is in the habit of doing great injustice to the doctors who so frequently appear in the witness-box to testify to the existence of this species of insanity. The *Cornhill* writer's experience seems hardly to justify any strong conclusion upon the subject. In the first place, it is worthy of notice that he bases his impression upon an inspection of the manners of a set of human beings who have all been guilty of some great crime, and who are all treated as lunatics by those about them. The obvious reflection that a great crime, combined with any mental disease at all, may have a tendency to end, even if it has not begun, in complete moral insanity, does not seem to have occurred to him. If the object were to render a man irrational on the subject of his actions, no better means could probably be devised than to shut him up in an asylum as a lunatic, and to treat his guilty deed as an outbreak of delusion. Let us take, for example, the case of the murderer Townley. There can hardly be a doubt that the best way to have fostered in Townley's mind a false notion of the morality of murder would have been to send him to Bethlehem Hospital. The effect on his imagination would probably, in the course of years, have been to convince him that he had done no harm at all. He would have ended by regarding himself as a victim. But there is another obvious consideration which ought never to be dismissed from view. Crime and cerebral weakness, or cerebral disease, are often to be found conjoined. So much is conceded on all hands. The only practical question for the law, and for society at large, is whether cerebral infirmity cannot be controlled by the penalties affixed to crime. At what precise degree of mania does the gallows itself cease to be terrible in comparison with the impulses of maniacal fury; or rather, at what precise degree of mania does the man cease to be a rational being, exercising the power of will and choice, and become a mere passive specimen of the ravings of mental delusion? The difficulty of drawing a line is doubtless very great. It is complicated in the criminal courts by the fact that the Judges as a rule have had only a judicial, and not a practical experience of insanity, and that the medical witnesses called upon the trial are not consulted as impartial experts, but appear alternately as witnesses for the prosecution and the defence. The law can only choose a rough definition of responsibility, and keep as closely and as inexorably to it as circumstances will permit. That the conclusions of the law should often appear wrong to medical theorists, who look on insanity from a medical, and not from a social or political point of view, is natural, and probably unavoidable.

A story which has recently appeared in the Melbourne correspondence of the *Times* may very properly be taken as a counterpart to the experience of the writer in the *Cornhill*. Melbourne, like England, has recently witnessed no small public excitement on the subject of criminal insanity. A ruffian disputing with his partner over the partnership accounts, took out a pistol, with which he seems to have deliberately armed himself, and shot the partner dead. So cold-blooded a murder produced upon the Melbourne public the impression that the murderer must, of necessity, be insane. Emotional insanity was the term invented for, or applied to, the phenomenon by the prisoner's friends and by their numerous sympathizers. Three eminent scientific physicians were appointed by the Government to examine the culprit, and they unhesitatingly pronounced him sane; and the defence of insanity was not even set up by his legal adviser before the jury. But when the trial was over, and the man was left for execution, a counter-agitation began. Doctors of all kinds wrote to the various papers insisting that he was not responsible for his actions. The occupant of the anatomy chair at the Melbourne University led the van. In return for his kindly offices, the prisoner, with his dying breath, bequeathed him the valuable legacy of his brains. The breath was scarcely out of the criminal's body before the Professor entered the gaol and carried off the head in triumph to his school. The sheriffs pursued the audacious votary of science into his pupil-room, and found him actively engaged in the dissection. A controversy ensued, the Professor arguing that the brains were his by the testamentary disposition of the convict, the sheriffs asserting that the brains of a felon were not his to bequeath, but belonged of right, together with his other worldly belongings, to her Majesty the Queen. Fortunately for the peace of mind of Melbourne, a compromise was effected. Her Majesty's right to a murderer's brain was waived. The sheriffs permitted the anatomical investigation to proceed in their presence, and, to the discomfiture of all the Melbourne sciolists, the convict's brain was discovered to be in a perfectly healthy condition. It is possible that the theory of emotional insanity will not be heard of again for some

years in those parts, and that until a fresh reaction takes place, murderers will not escape hanging very easily, on the ground that they are not masters of their actions. If the *Cornhill* writer proves that "mad doctors" are often unjustly depreciated, the Australian anecdote proves as conclusively that it would be folly to trust them implicitly in the present imperfect state of their scientific knowledge.

That at times there appears, however, a serious divergence on the subject of insanity between the *dicta* of medicine and the definition of the law, must be conceded by all impartial observers. The definition of the law may perhaps be framed with little regard to the phenomena of mental disease; while, on the other hand, medical theorists are inclined too much to ignore the interests of society and the demands of justice and public safety. The remedy is hardly to be found in a reconstruction of the law. For practical purposes it is doubtful whether the legal definition can be improved, or whether juries could be presented with any test of sanity as simple and as generally sound as that which is now set before them. If, indeed, juries could themselves see into the state of a prisoner's mind, and acquaint themselves with all its workings and all its previous history, they probably would arrive at a just verdict in most cases of the sort. But they are dependent for their information on the evidence of professional experts, whose knowledge and common sense cannot easily be tested by a mere cross-examination, however able, and who form their views quite as much upon theory as upon long acquaintance with the mental state of each individual criminal. The question of sanity and insanity, moral responsibility and moral irresponsibility, while science is in its present condition, cannot be decided adequately by a jury. Perhaps the best solution of the difficulty might be to leave the primary decision to the jurymen, but in cases of conviction, to submit their conclusions to a court of criminal appeal, who could be assisted by a standing criminal lunacy board, composed partly of lawyers and partly of men of science. Upon political grounds it would be inexpedient to entrust to any permanent board, however eminent, the sole power of life and death. The jury system must be maintained entire in capital cases, and any tampering with it would probably result, sooner or later, in the abolition of all capital punishments. There are many reasons why no one should be hung who seems to be insane to the jury upon his trial. But there seems no sound reason why the friends of a convicted criminal should not have the privilege of appealing against the adverse verdict of a jury to some tribunal more skilled in matters of medical science, and more able to weigh and sift the adverse assertions of conflicting medical witnesses. The change would be on the whole in the interest of humanity, nor would any real security against murder be sacrificed by it.

UNPROTECTED MALES.

THERE is only one society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but there are, it seems, at least two independent bodies for the protection of the female sex. It is a serious reflection that there is not in existence a single society for the patronage of the male. The Marquis Townshend's Society for the Protection of Women and of Children receives secret denunciations of masculine offenders, with the avowed object of allowing those to complain in private who dare not complain openly. The friends and neighbours of an abused or deceived wife, till very recently, might, like the Venetians of old, put anonymous accusations into the Lion's Mouth, and instant vengeance would, in due course, be taken upon the offender. At present, the only additional security against slander is that the accuser must vouch for his good faith with his name; but this guarantee once exacted, the Society asks no more. Itself performs the rest. Like the Furies of old, the secretary and the solicitor hunt upon the trail of crime, and appear in the doorway of the criminal just when he is flattering himself that human justice is both deaf and blind. It is the privilege of the female sex in England, as of the Catholic religion in Rome, to be under the ægis of an Inquisition. It is true that the secretary of the Marquis Townshend's society cannot carry off wicked husbands, as the Grand Inquisitor carries off heretics, in the midst of the night; but he can make life thoroughly unpleasant to them, and Don Juan would have no more chance with the Society's officer than he has with the fiend in Molière's play or Mozart's opera. Every man of sentiment will be proud to think that the one delicate sex whose mission is to charm and to perplex the other is secured against ill-treatment, even if rough injustice is sometimes meted out to the men. The sylphs, whom Pope represents as the perpetual guardians of woman's honour and

happiness, are not strong enough to act as a permanent domestic police. But, on the other hand, if domestic peace is to be taken in hand by a body of energetic and busy philanthropists, their work ought not assuredly to be performed by halves. It is very well to say that men ought to be able to defend themselves. The universal experience of society shows that they are able to do nothing of the kind. The only advantage which man, regarded as a tyrannical being, has over woman is that he is able to knock her down—a species of oppression which is probably only in vogue among a limited class of the community. There are other oppressions and vexations of a much higher order, which women can inflict on men as easily as men inflict them upon women. A woman may run up bills which her husband is bound either in honour or in law to pay. She may spend whole mornings at the jeweller's, and whole evenings of Platonic flirtation at different evening parties. She may take to confessing her faults to a Belgravian curate, or to riding regularly with her cousins in the Guards. She may quarrel with her husband's relations, sneer at his friends, fill her house with people he detests, and drive him to his club by bad dinners and a tuneless piano. The fated victim of conjugal caprice dare not complain. No cock that ever crowed in a poultry-yard ever liked others to know that he was henpecked. Yet, for all that, the public ought to know it, both for the sake of punishing the wife and of protecting the husband.

Even then in domestic life a society that protects one sex might find a large field for its energies in protecting the other also. Inspectors Field and Pollaky, whose advertisement figures so constantly in the papers, could doubtless tell us that their labours are divided with tolerable impartiality between both sexes alike. The farmer's wife in "Adam Bede" asserts, with much show of reason, that whatever the faults of the women, Heaven, at all events, made them to match the men. Neither male nor female human nature is perfect, and both are subject to very similar defects. There are nearly as many wives who run away from their husbands as there are husbands who run away from their wives; and it is absolutely certain that there are at least two parties to every fall from innocence and virtue. Such being the case, a society for the protection of women only is a lopsided affair. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might as well determine to espouse the cause of none but female quadrupeds, and leave male donkeys and male omnibus horses to the tender mercies of their natural enemies. Chivalry, perhaps, prompts the gentlemen on the committee of the Marquis Townshend's Association to devote themselves entirely to the redressing of female wrongs. It is natural and proper that this should be the case; but humanity demands that there should be a ladies' committee in return, charged with the especial duty of keeping their eye upon their own sex. Miss Theresa Longworth's wrongs would pass naturally to the care of the one, the unhappy condition of Major Yelverton, and the irreparable damage wrought to his fair fame, would excite the compassion of the other. If noblemen are patrons, there ought to be countesses to counteract their natural partiality and prejudice, to see that feminine wiles do not go unexposed, nor feminine wickedness unpunished.

As far as a certain class of offences is concerned, there can be little doubt that things are coming to a pass at which men will stand in serious need of all the assistance they can get. In Juvenal's time there were a class of individuals who subsisted upon the trade of false accusations. The form their charges took was not a moral one; but no denunciations can be so terrible to any man of feeling and of honour as those which are so commonly bandied about by worthless and venal wretches. There are some reproaches, says the Greek philosopher, which frighten a man out of his sober self. They have been known even to shake a vigorous reason upon its throne. It is not enough for a man to be innocent. He well knows that where much dirt is thrown some dirt, at least, will stick, and he would a thousand times prefer to face the cannon's mouth to facing a public inquiry, even if his innocence in the end will be acknowledged by his friends. Women and children are too often the agents in these infamous attempts to extort money, or to blacken character. One of the most experienced judges living is in the habit of remarking that it is impossible frequently to unravel the chain of malicious motives in the minds either of women or of children which induce them to fabricate tales that are obviously false. The great Hale remarks that accusations of a certain sort are easy to be made, hard to be proved, but harder still to be disproved or defended by an accused person, however innocent. Societies which are founded with the object of protecting women and children are certain, sooner or later, to be made the instruments of odious and unfounded charges of this sort.

How, with such a danger staring them in the face, the Marquis Townshend's Society can have been foolish enough to invite and accept anonymous accusations, passes all comprehension. Fortunately the attention of the public has been called to their scheme in a significant manner, and the anonymous communications, in deference to general opinion, are henceforward to cease. But there is grave reason to doubt whether the society in question, however admirable the intentions of its promoters, and the caution of its managers, will not, before many years have passed over its head, have done as much public harm as good, and dealt out as much injustice as justice to private individuals.

FOOLS AND SWINDLERS.

It has often been observed that half the talent brought to bear upon robberies such as the gold-dust robbery, or swindles such as the Robson or Redpath swindles, if applied honestly, would produce lasting and good results. We doubt this position. The paths to honest success are well defined, and we know their characteristics. They require, above all things, time; and that in its turn involves patience and much labour. No man ever surprised the world in any sort of honest calling who had not passed through laborious antecedents, as a law student, a physician, a merchant, a politician, &c. Some may think they will find exceptions to this law of toil amongst poets, actors, and singers. But they are wrong. A great poem takes the town by storm, and as editions are sold off people think what a lucky fellow the poet is, who makes his fortune by a work of a few hundred pages. They don't pause to consider how many hundred pages he has written on a meal a day, and perhaps not that; or for how many years he has been struggling through dark days to find his way into this glimpse of sunshine. Think of the elder Kean, and the years through which he starved, before he made his first bow to the hundred spectators in the pit at Drury Lane. Think of him trudging down to the theatre on that eventful night with Shylock's dress tied up in a pocket-handkerchief after dining on the mutton-chop which his wife had pawned her dress to purchase for him. As for singers, how many years must they devote to the Sol-fa, up and down and up and down day after day, practising shakes and turns and runs with the toil of a stonebreaker, before they can astonish the world by trilling melodiously upon B flat. Your swindler is incapable of this exertion. He is essentially an idle fellow, of no sustained action, no patience, no capacity for toiling and waiting. Even the assurance which emboldens him to make such hairbreadth strokes for fortune is the result of desperation or callousness. He makes up his mind for the worst. If he succeeds, he is so much the richer; if he fails, he fails.

Instead of lamenting the misplaced ingenuity of these men, it would be more philosophical to estimate the over-mastering power of idleness by the risks they are content to run for small gains, and again to gauge by their success the gullibility of mankind. At the Middlesex Sessions on Wednesday, a man named Edwards was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, for a fraud by which he gained only £5. He appears to have been at one time a person of some respectability; and twenty years ago he reckoned amongst other respectable acquaintances a Mr. Cullin. This gentleman meeting him accidentally, after a long interval, in July last, asked him to his house, and introduced him to his wife. In the course of conversation, Edwards said that he was the sole promoter of the Madras Cotton Company and the London and Madras Bank, and that as he was going to India with one of his sons, he was looking out for some one resident in London to accept the post of assistant-secretary during his absence. Mrs. Cullin, with feminine tact, suggested that this would be the very thing for her husband, and Edwards at once promised that he should have it. At a subsequent meeting he told Cullin that the appointment was obtained, and that the salary was £300 a year; and he also "hinted" that he should expect £10 for getting it for him, "just to find him in cigars while on a yacht trip at the mouth of the Thames." Cullin readily consented, promised to pay £5 in cash and £5 out of his first quarter's salary, but wanted some proof of the actual appointment. The best proof, and the only one which a man with his wits about him would have been contented with, would have been an introduction to the managers of the bank and company. But Mr. Cullin was satisfied with the following letter, which Edwards wrote in his and Mrs. Cullin's presence:—

"London-Madras Bank. Madras Cotton Company (limited),
22, Canonbury-place, Canonbury-square, Aug. 5, 1864.

"My dear Sir,—I am happy to say that I am empowered by

Lieutenant-General Sir F. Smith, Colonel Elsey, Henry Dunlop, and A. N. Shaw, Esqrs., the majority of the committee of these companies, to appoint you to be the assistant-secretary, *vice* Mandrill, dismissed. You will take your orders from me, and be prepared for duty on Wednesday, the 10th of August inst.

"I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"N. FORRESTER EDWARDS, Promoter."

It is hardly conceivable that Mr. Cullin should have paid his money on the assurance of this document without at least ascertaining whether there was such a bank as the London-Madras Bank, or such a company as the Madras Cotton Company. As a fact, neither bank nor company had any existence at all. But Mr. Cullin paid his £5 and lost it.

This cheat, however, was trifling in point of daring and ingenuity to the feats of a Miss Horsfall, who was brought up at the Greenwich Police-court on Wednesday, charged with fraud and robbery. By a false pretence, which the slightest trouble would have detected, she gained admission to the school of a Miss Harvey, at Blackheath, passed herself off as highly connected, swindled the tradesmen in the neighbourhood, robbed Miss Harvey, took her to Bath as her travelling companion during the Michaelmas vacation; went from Bath to Bristol, and persuaded a solicitor there to go up to London to institute proceedings against Miss Harvey for defamation of character; decamped from the hotel at which she was staying, as she had previously done from the hotel at Bath, and finally fell into the hands of the police in Dublin. Before becoming Miss Harvey's parlour boarder she had swindled tradesmen right and left at Leeds; and while at Blackheath she cheated a jeweller of two gold watches and two gold guards, and robbed a lady staying at the school of two diamond bracelets and several rings. What surprises us in all this is the extreme simplicity of Miss Harvey, who took the girl into her house on no better recommendation than her being brought to her by two apparently respectable persons, who gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, of 254A, Oxford-street. Oxford-street is not so very far from Blackheath but that Miss Harvey might easily have sent some one up to ascertain whether Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins did live at 254A, which it is now ascertained they did not. She liked their appearance and took the pupil they brought her at once. Nay, when, a day or two afterwards, she heard from her that she was a niece of Mr. Horsfall, M.P., and of Colonel Horsfall, of Bath, and that she possessed a fortune of £400 a year, with an expectancy of £800 a year more, she became quite proud of her pupil, and, observing that her education had been much neglected, promoted her to the position of parlour boarder. It is difficult to realize the fact that in our days with such things as newspapers relating daily how active and clever and numerous is the fraternity of swindlers, such simplicity can exist. But the same channels of information show us that dupes are as plentiful as knaves, and that the roasted pigs, with knives and forks stuck in their backs, requesting the voracious public to come and eat them, are not a type of greater fatuity than that which the quick-witted daily practise upon.

THEATRICAL SLANG.

THE "Slang Dictionary," just published by Mr. Hotten, is the best and most complete work of its kind we have seen, but it hardly does justice to theatrical slang. It gives a few specimens of those corruptions or ornaments of language which the stage and its professors have called into existence, but it makes no pretence of having exhausted the subject. The subject, perhaps, is inexhaustible, if technicalities are to be included as slang, and these technicalities soon pass current beyond professional circles. Many respectable members of society are amateur actors; while few are amateur shoemakers or engineers, and stage terms are thus picked up by young ladies and gentlemen who are rather proud of their knowledge.

It is impossible to say what penny-a-liner first called actors "disciples of the sock and buskin," but the phrase is now stereotyped as slang of the first quality. The stage being so much indebted to the French, the French language is pillaged to enrich the vocabulary of theatrical slang, and a part is never a part, but a *rôle*; a female dancer is always a *danseuse*; a female horse-rider is always an *equestrienne*, and an actress is always an *artiste*. A dashing style of performance is called *abandon*, and people who patronize a particular theatre are called *habitués*. Sometimes the technical class descriptions of French actors and actresses are imported, and we hear a young man called a *jeune premier* (when he often ought to be called a *jeune premier*), a leading actor called a *premier* or a *grand premier*, a comedian called *premier comique de genre*, an inferior comedian called *deuxième comique*, an actor of

old men called a *pire noble*, an actor of general parts called *grande utilité*, an actress of common parts called a *soubrette*, and an actress of young girls called *ingénue coquette*. The English adaptations of these terms sound even more absurd to the unprofessional ear—especially when printed in the brief, direct form of a theatrical advertisement. When a manager tells us that he wants a "singing chambermaid," "a first and second old man," "a walking gentleman," "a gentleman to take the heavy lead," another gentleman for the "second bus" or "general utility," that he is "open to stars," that "a few good niggers may write," and that "silence is a negative,"—it is not easy at first to decipher such a riddle. Professional advertisements are generally more or less technical in style, but none, we believe, are half as technical as theatrical advertisements. They have also a marvellous power of self-assertion. We are always reading about some "glorious hit"—some "unprecedented success," some "startling novelty," some "unparalleled," "unequivocal," "acknowledged," or "world-renowned wonder." Here is an advertisement which is a good specimen of this style:—

"SECOND TO NONE!"

"Meritorious and Mirificent Career of the Mercurial

"LYDIA LATIMER, the Most Legitimate Mirth-provoking Serious Comic Vocalist and *Comédienne* of the present day. Second Year in the Provinces. Now Engaged, with increasing favouritism, at the People's Concerts, Manchester. Fourth Call Nightly. Disengaged March 20th, 1865."

The comic songs which are considered so mirth-provoking are often advertised in the same strain:—

"The Best Comic Song is the one Just Published,

"THE WEEPIN WILLER, written and composed by Harry Clifton, and Sung by him with immense success.

"She sat by the side of the bubblin water,

"Under the weepin willer tree."

"Sent Free for Eighteen Stamps.

"Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond-street."

It is not easy to see the fun of this, but perhaps it lies in the bad spelling; and sometimes an advertisement, like the following, shows a just appreciation of such humour:—

"GEORGE LEYBOURNE, the Great Comic Vocalist, on his Moke, 'Will, Oh!' at the London Music Hall, Manchester, Tenth Week of uninterrupted success. N.B.—G. L. will back his Donkey against any Comic Singer in the World."

That music-hall singers and performers are all classified like actors and actresses, is shown in this somewhat hysterical announcement:—

"Lingard, Lingard, Lingard (the Greatest Comic of the day), Miss Julia Lamartine (the Fascinating Sentimental Balladist), J. D. Kelly (the Ethiopian King), Miss Julia Weston (the Successful Characteristic Vocalist), Professor Thomas (the Champion Swordsman), Albert Steele (the Delighting Comic), Miss Annie Abbott, Brothers Clarke (Burlesque Duettists), Miss Emma Mowbray, *Les Freres Fritz* (the Lively Eels), Madame Losebini and Miss Constance (the unrivalled Duettists), Sam Collins (the only True Delineator of Real Irish Character)."

Sometimes the most tempting offers are made to what is called "talent"—talent being a slang term for persons of marketable ability:—

"WANTED, TWO YOUNG LADIES, as Waitresses in a Free-and-Easy; one that could vamp on the piano or sing a song occasionally preferred. A lengthened or permanent situation given to a young person in the above line.

"Address, J. M., 15, Curzon-street, Burnley."

It is curious to note how catching this free-and-easy style becomes, and how great authors, like Mr. Charles Reade, have mastered it in a few lessons:—

"READE *v.* CONQUEST.—The Plaintiff in this case warns Dramatic pirates that his Stories, 'Clouds and Sunshine,' 'Peg Woffington,' 'Christie Johnstone,' 'White Lies,' 'Art,' &c., &c., are all founded on Registered Plays, and the indirect appropriation of a single character, or scene, or vital situation in them, will instantly be followed by an Injunction and an action at law. The exceptions are 'Love me Little, &c.' and 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' These excepted, it will be perilous to Dramatise this Author's works without his consent. Nor is it the least necessary. He is as open to fair and loyal Dramatic business as to any other."

We have only one critical remark to make with regard to this little production by the author of "Very Hard Cash"—it wants "Silence a negative" tacked on to the end to make it complete.

Theatrical slang, technicalities, and swagger, however, are not confined to professionals and professional journals—they creep into theatrical notices. Reports of performances, hurriedly written late at night, are not generally pure models of English composition.

The first word is chosen rather than the best word, and whole phrases are imported from the green-room. A successful performance is described as "a hit likely to create a *furor*," or the piece is said to be "a go," or to have "went well," or to be a "sensation"—though sensation is an old slang term for a glass of gin. A comedian who made grimaces is accused of "mugging;" a lady who forgot her part is said to have "stuck," or to be a *débutante* if she made her first appearance; if the applause is so great that the actors walk before the curtain, they are said to have been "honoured with calls;" if the piece is considered good, it is said to be "likely to draw," or to be "a draw;" if the elocution of any actor is somewhat pompous, he is said to "have mouthed it;" if the piece is short and funny, it is called a "screaming farce;" and if it is short and stately, it is called a "*comédietta*" or "*petite comedy*." When mongrel language like this is used by journalists, we can hardly wonder that managers are encouraged to use it. The warmed-up French dishes presented at most of our theatres are seldom disguised in the cooking. Our drama is not only French in origin and construction, but its characters generally retain their French titles. These titles are often terrible stumbling-blocks to the actors. We have heard fourteen different pronunciations of the word "*Monsieur*" in one piece, in one night, at one theatre. This peculiarity is as distinguishable at the Theatre Royal Lyceum, under the management of M. Fechter, as it is at any minor house in the suburbs. The cheapness of bad translations may partly account for this slovenly transplanting of dramas, but the same determination, to use Anglo-French-Argot-Slang, is shown in every corner of our playbills. If three or four female dancers come on to caper for a few minutes, this is called a "*divertissement*;" if a hornpipe, a comic song, and a solo on the trombone, are thrown in as a make-weight between the piece, they are called collectively a "*mélange*," and sometimes, by way of variety, an "*inter-mezzio*." A gentleman is never addressed as sir, he is always "*Mesoo*," or "*Mossoo*," according to the fancy of the speaker, and a lady is always "*Murdarm*," "*Mad'moselle*," or "*Mam'selle*"—the latter being an abbreviation almost as vulgar as "*mum*," or "*mim*." *Geneviève* (pronounced "*John Vee*") is the Sarah Jane of such half-translated dramas, and *Henri* was never known to be written Henry, or pronounced otherwise than "*Hongri*." A bag-pipe cannot be introduced on the stage without being called a "*cor-na-musa*," and a penny whistle in the same slang becomes a "*pastoral tibia*." A thimble-rigger is a "*prestidigitator*;" a conjuring confederate is a "*medium*," or an "*omniscient spiritualist*;" a successful entertainment is never visited by crowds, it is always "patronised by the *élite* of society;" a singing-head, as vulgar and obvious as the old Bartholomew fair doll-trick, is called an "*Anthropoglossos*;" a youthful actor is sometimes an "*infant prodigy*," sometimes a "*Juvenile Roscius*;" a tawny actor from the West Indies, or from the Southern States of America, is called an "*African Roscius*;" a man who plays upon the banjo, and dances flash dances, is called a "*negro delineator*;" and a woman, like "Miss Menken, the female Mazeppa, who trades upon her impudence, is called "*a gifted creature*." This language is common both with managers and journalists. A manager is either "a popular caterer," or "a daring entrepreneur;" and an old actor is sometimes called "*a veteran*." It is fashionable to talk of the *métier*, or "*platform*," of particular actors and actresses, instead of their ability and position;—to say that Shakespeare's plays "keep the stage," and that the *Colleen Bawn* had "*a long run*." If a piece is not very brisk, it is said to "*drag*;" if it is long, it is said to want "*cutting*." Actors will think nothing of calling Hamlet's great soliloquies "*bits of fat*," or of speaking of King Lear as "*a heavy father*." Street-tumbling is expressively called "*mouldy-grubbing*," and any action on the stage is known as "*business*," sometimes shortened to "*bus*." Painting the face for any particular character is called "*making-up*," and the paint is generally called "*war-paint*." If the theatre, or "*house*," as it is more technically termed, is badly attended, this is called "*a frost*;" or if it is filled with orders, or "*bits of paper*," as they are termed, it is said to be "*well-papered*." Some more daring geniuses take a higher flight than this, and we remember an advertisement of "*Tom Sayer's Champion Circus*," in which it was said "the fabric is daily and nightly warmed by not less than four thousand delighted spectators, consisting of rank, wealth, and beauty." Warming a fabric with rank, wealth, and beauty was not all that was promised by the gifted and courageous Sayers and his managers. He appeared in connection with Heenan, and "the admirers of science and skill," we were told, "will find in the entertainment of these brave men a pleasurable excitement heretofore unknown. They will appear precisely as they appeared on the 17th of April before five thousand persons at Three Guineas a

head, excepting that in this case their apparel will be unobjectionable, even to the most fastidious of either sex."

Theatres are all known by slang abbreviations, and we have the "Vic," the "Lane," the "lymps," the "bird," the "garden," the "sour balloon," &c., for the Victoria, Drury Lane, Olympic, Grecian, Covent Garden, and the Bower Saloon.

The technicalities proper to the stage—the terms used in speaking of the various parts of a theatre, can hardly be classed as slang, until they are used unprofessionally. It is very necessary that theatrical workmen should have fixed names for the materials they are called upon "to work." When they speak of "sky-borders," "flats," "wings," "floats," "counter-weights," "flies," "vampyre-traps," "heavy-sets," "flies," &c., they are only using the recognised language of their craft. The call-boy who says "overture's on, gentlemen," and the stage-manager who tells the prompter to "ring up" are not creators of slang—that task is left for the audience to perform. The audience is generally very willing to perform it. When the upper scenery interferes with the view of the gallery visitors, there is always some sharp youth to shout out "lower the blue;" and the technicalities about the "prompt," and the "O. P." side of the theatre are supposed to be familiar to everybody. A penny-a-liner, writing an account of a theatrical accident, once described a witness as "a gentleman who sold fried fish on the prompt side of the house."

LORD STANLEY, M.P., AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

ONE of the most able extra-parliamentary "utterances" of the recess is Lord Stanley's speech at King's Lynn on Wednesday—a clear judicial review of home and foreign politics, free from the slightest taint of party bias. He claims for the debate on the Danish negotiations an object apart from its ostensible one—namely, to obtain from Parliament a distinct and decided expression of opinion in favour of a policy of non-intervention in continental disputes. In regard to that object he thinks that the feeling of the house came nearer to unanimity than on any other occasion of equal importance within his recollection:—

"I do not mean that England should never give advice nor express an opinion upon questions not affecting her own interests, but I say that that should be done without menace or the semblance of menace; it should be done in such a way as not to hold out hopes or threats that force is intended to be used. (Cheers.) Inasmuch, too, as advice tendered under such circumstances is unfortunately apt to be received with no great respect, I think it ought to be given only on rare and important occasions, where there is a reasonable hope that the parties concerned will be willing to accept it, and when the national conscience and feeling require a protest on the part of our Government."

Then, turning to the four great questions in foreign affairs which are likely to occupy attention for some time, he took America first, insisted on the duty of entire neutrality, even to the extent of withholding sympathy from either side—which we think a decided mistake,—and declared his belief that there was no prospect of an early close of the war. Nothing, he thinks, will separate the hostile parties till one or other is exhausted.

"The time for that has not yet come. Neither party, as I believe, is half beaten yet, and, considering the determination which the North has shown, I think it likely, as I did three years ago, that with its enormous superiority of force it will occupy and overrun in the end the whole territory of the South. The North may succeed so far as to gratify its feeling of revenge and its desire for supremacy, but when it has done that its political difficulties will begin. I cannot realize the manner in which a republican community of 20,000,000 is to hold, consistently with its own principles of Government, or, indeed, with any principles of Government, another community of 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 utterly disaffected to its own rule. (Hear, hear.) That is the real perplexity of the American future. As to the drain of men and money, I do not attach much weight to it. The overflow of Europe will fill up all gaps in the population, and although I should be myself equally sorry to be a creditor either of the North or of the South, yet a country with the gigantic natural resources of America cannot be permanently ruined. All we can do—all we ought to do—is to let them fight it out."

He then touched on the Italian question, and the new treaty, and thought it impossible for the Italian Government to prevent a rising in Rome, or for the Pope to suppress one. The German Confederation, he said, had broken down; and, unless the smaller States unite under a French protectorate, they must unite themselves according to their inclinations to Austria and Prussia, whose mutual jealousy renders a United Germany impossible. Turning to the East he could not understand the policy of those elder statesmen who wish to preserve the integrity of Turkey. The Turkish empire has played its part in history, and, in maintaining it, we are making for ourselves enemies of races which will very soon become dominant in the East, and are keeping back countries by whose improvement we, as the great traders of the world, shall be the great gainers, and we are doing this for no earthly advantage, either present or prospective. With regard to our colonies they should, with the exception of Canada, defend themselves; but we are bound in honour to defend Canada if she takes

adequate measures to help us in that task. Looking now to home affairs, he thought that, with the exception of the army and navy, reduction of expenditure had been carried to its furthest points; but that, taking together reductions in these services, and the annual surplus of the revenue, which for three years has been a million and a half, we might hope in the next three years to effect a saving of six millions. This he proposed to deal with by reducing the duty on fire insurances to sixpence, and the income-tax to threepence or fourpence. As for extension of the suffrage, nothing that the middle-classes are, in the present state of public feeling likely to grant, could satisfy those who ask for reform.

EARL DE GREY AND RIPON ON THE ARMY.

At the Mayor of Ripon's annual dinner, the Minister at War endeavoured to console his hearers for the vast cost of the army by showing what improvements have been made in its organization. In 1853 the total cost of the estimates was little over £10,000,000; this year they are close upon £15,000,000. But then, the Crimean war proved that the army was not in a fit state for its work. Before 1853 we had no Military Train, no Commissariat Corps, no Army Hospital Corps. We have them now, and we know what pains have been taken to make them efficient. But then they cost money. So do those efforts which have been made to keep up the health of our soldiers, to improve their condition, moral, intellectual, and physical; while the larger force we have had to maintain in India, in consequence of the mutiny, has also been a source of great additional expenditure, to say nothing of Militia and Volunteers. The improvement in our weapons, again, has cost something. We wish we could think with Earl de Grey and Ripon, that one result of making them more deadly will be to put an end to war. "Men were always fighting," he says, "in the days of defensive armour, and when battles ended in very little comparative loss on either side." We do not see that they have fought much less since those days. Ten years ago we thought we had seen an end of war; but within that decade we have had the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, the Italian war, the hideous butchery in America, and the war in Denmark—all contemporaneous with the increase of armaments and the improvement of weapons.

THE LADIES' EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

We mentioned last week the case of a young woman who had paid a fee of 5s. to the Ladies' Employment Office, No. 96, Regent-street, in the hope of obtaining a situation, but neither succeeded in getting what she bargained for, nor in recovering her money. The case was full of suspicious appearances, suggesting strongly the belief that the Ladies' Employment Office exists rather for the benefit of those who have set it up than for the lady-public who want situations. This belief is strengthened by a letter addressed to Mr. Tyrwhitt, of the Marlborough-street Police-court, by Mr. T. P. Sarjeant, of Gower-street, Bedford-square, and published in the daily papers on Wednesday. Mr. Sarjeant details a case of disappointment which has come under his own notice:—

"A widow (residing near Torrington-square) of a professional gentleman lately deceased, desired to place her daughters out as governesses. Seeing an advertisement in one of the papers, she applied to the offices, and, under the most alluring promises of a good situation being speedily obtained—in fact, a vacancy was stated to be open, but from the numerous applications a premium was required for the address, which premium the widow paid only to learn that the so-called vacancy was a fiction, and the address given could not be found in one instance, while in another the family was away on the Continent, and had been for some three months; so that the poor lady has been defrauded in the most heartless manner of three guineas, and her hopes excited from promises being held out of which there was not the slightest prospect of realization. When she goes to the office to complain, she meets with the same cool, audacious insolence as I am informed the officer from your court received on being sent by you to remonstrate with the parties connected with the offices."

How far does this sort of dealing fall short of obtaining money under false pretences? When we look at the prospectus of the Employment Office, we can imagine nothing better contrived to inspire the confidence of the unwary. "We are patronized," it says, "by 500 employers (some of the first people) for vacant situations in any capacity likely to suit clients who may call upon us." Again, "We have daily calling on all employers travellers of experience;" "our office affords far greater advantages than any other establishment, being so near the West-end, and suiting employers free of charge;" "over 200 letters can be seen from young ladies who have obtained good situations;" "we daily hear of first-class situations for young ladies as barmaids, book-keepers, fancy shops," &c.; "references can be seen at the offices from the nobility, clergy, and gentry;" and, amongst other directions, "clients are requested, when paying their fee at the office, to ask for a receipt." All this looks hopeful, strict, and upright. But who is to test it? What girl applying for a place as lady's-maid or barmaid is to tell whether the references from the nobility, &c., or the letters from the 200 young ladies who have obtained good situations, are genuine? The only thing of which a "client" can be certain is, that she has paid her money, and probably she may also be pretty sure that she will get nothing for it. It is easy to see how unprincipled persons might trade prosperously on public credulity by the aid of such a scheme as this, and that it might not be easy to punish them as they deserve. The safe plan is to avoid them.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER.

WHERE shall we look for a good dinner if not at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day? A correspondent of the *Times*, a man evidently who has suffered much on that day, implores the Corporation to reform its annual dinner. It is so ill-managed, he says, that he once had to dine off green peas only, though he appealed to every waiter who came within reach. Not, it appears, because there was a plethora of peas and a scarcity of other dishes, but for want of organization, and, as he insinuates, from the tendency of waiters to wander off to distant Common Councilmen with the prime cuts of turbot and venison. Very possible. Common Councilmen are not above the meanness of hankering after the prime bits, nor waiters above the infamy of pandering to their unlawful appetites. But the Corporation, for its own honour, should protect its guests from the ravages of its greedy members, and the writer we have alluded to shows them a way of doing so:—

"On one occasion, when I dined with 600 people at the Hôtel de Ville, every guest obtained a first-rate dinner, of excellent quality and variety, and admirably served. And the method of it was this:—A complete dinner of soups, fish, *entrées*, *pièces de résistance*, game, &c., was provided for eight persons. The dishes were admirably contrasted with each other. The wines were appropriate to each course. I counted that my glass was changed sixteen times. There were four waiters to every eight persons, who attended to them and no others. This dinner for eight was perfect, and the secret of giving every other person of the company the same advantages simply consisted in repeating the same perfect dinner as many times over as there were parties of eight to be provided for. I advise the City committee for the next Lord Mayor's Day to follow this example."

We cordially join in this excellent counsel. Nothing in the year's life of the Lord Mayor can be so important as his dinner, and for the credit, almost the existence of the Corporation, it is requisite that the guests be well fed. Let dinner and waiters be provided for each party of eight; let the waiters keep to their party, and not run about toadying Common Councilmen with tit-bits of venison; let appropriate wines be served with each dish till every guest's glass has been changed at least sixteen times. If Lord Mayor's Day is not to wind up with unbounded eating and drinking, what on earth is the use of it?

LORD BURY AND THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

MR. BOUCICAULT gave last week an account of an exhibition of the performances of the Brothers Davenport held at his house, in which he cited Lord Bury as vouching for the absence of any trickery on the part of the exhibitors. He wrote:—

"At the termination of this *séance* a general conversation took place on the subject of what we heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr. W. Fay, that after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved, that so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the effect of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present."

Lord Bury, after taking a week to think the matter over, has seen fit to qualify this representation of his opinion. In a letter to the *Times* of Thursday he writes:—

"After the performance which Mr. Boucicault describes, a paper was handed round which I and others were asked to sign. It referred the manifestations to some mysterious agency which scientific men were earnestly entreated to investigate, and, if I remember right, gave a sort of certificate to the performers that, after careful investigation, we could find no trace of trickery of any form. The gentleman who had the paper argued that it would be simply fair to the Brothers Davenport if we gave them some such certificate. I at once said that we should only make ourselves ridiculous if we signed such a paper, and I for one refused to do so. I added, that all the Brothers Davenport could reasonably expect from us was that we should state in society the simple truth, viz., that we had failed to detect any evidence of trickery or collusion. Mr. Boucicault makes no mention of this paper; it was withdrawn. I have really formed no theory whatever on the subject of the performance. I went to see a show, and I entirely object to being held as the apologist for the showmen because I have failed to discover their mode of operation."

Between his own and Mr. Boucicault's statement of his opinion, there is a marked difference. The discrepancy shows how little testimony of this kind is to be relied upon.

THE NORTH LONDON EXHIBITION.

THE working men of Islington and Clerkenwell have formed an exhibition of works of Art, which was opened on Monday by Earl Russell. The price of admission is sixpence, and what is to be seen is so intrinsically good that the guarantee fund of three hundred and odd pounds is not likely to be trenced upon. The articles are the produce of the working men's leisure hours, and furnish a gratifying proof of the progress of scientific knowledge and artistic skill amongst the working classes. We may cite, as an

instance, No. 174, class 8. This is a volume consisting of 250 pages of MS., 100 large coloured views, and 27 pen-and-ink drawings (sketches from Nature), descriptive and illustrative of "Autumn Rambles in the County of Kent," by William Dampier, late a compositor. The whole of the compilation, writing, and delineation of this work was executed during leisure moments before and after business hours,—nearly five years having been occupied in its production. We mention this simply as a sample of the general character of the Exhibition, highly meritorious in itself, but only one out of many objects which will more than repay a visit.

MR. SELFE UPON CRUELTY TO HORSES.

At the Westminster Police-court on Monday, Lord Boston charged his coachman with cruelty to his horses. The facts were these. Lord Boston, some time ago, ordered the man to bring his carriage, a heavy barouche, and horses to Brighton, and to take two days for the journey. The coachman drove them to Brighton in one day, charging his master for the expenses of two, and the horses did not appear to Lord Boston to have been injured, though he was, of course, not aware that they had come down in one day. But when the man drove them back to London in one day, his orders being to make the journey in two, they were very ill, one of them insensible. This was the cruelty complained of. But Mr. Selfe thought there was no cruelty. The horses had borne the journey once without ailment, and the prisoner might think that they would bear it twice. So that the fact of a most disgraceful act having been once perpetrated without bad results is a justification for doing it again, even though bad results follow; or, to put it differently, if a man commits an act which by extraordinary luck is not followed by the consequences which he knows to be probable, he becomes entitled to do it again. In this case the coachman could not but know that he was driving his master's horses with imminent peril to their health. But because they did not break down under the cruelty of the first journey, he is guiltless of their breaking down under the cruelty of the second.

THE LADY'S REPENTANCE.—In the life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story is told in connection with a preaching journey in 1814:—"On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence:—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and, in a few minutes, she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, 'Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband.' He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made him no reply; but, after a silence of a few minutes, she suddenly exclaimed, 'O, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room.' 'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, 'Are you coming?' when she looked out of the window, and said, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;' then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke?"

DEEP-SINKINGS FOR GOLD.—A letter from Melbourne, dated Aug. 26, says:—"Great and unusual activity has prevailed during the last month in the mining interest. Many of the companies lately formed are beginning to pay, and enormous yields of gold are being obtained from some of the 'deep-sinking claims' at Ballarat and Daylesford. Last week £6,000 worth of gold was obtained by the Band of Hope Company at the former place, and this from dirt at a depth of nearly 400 ft. It is now very distinctly ascertained that, in many parts of the colony, 'leads' (as they are termed by the miners) of 'wash dirt,' consisting of submerged river beds, exist hundreds of feet below the present surface of the earth, and many companies are now engaged in profitably working these extraordinary deposits. They are a Ballarat beneath a Ballarat, and a Daylesford beneath a Daylesford, and the miners will not be satisfied that the gold stops even there. Than the lowest deep there is yet a lower deep of auriferous 'gutters' in their opinion, and they manifest now too little respect for the teachings of geologists, merely because geologists, until corrected by later experience, were in error in asserting that, as a rule, gold would never be found in large quantities far from the surface."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—A correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"The ex-King of Oude (now on the Continent) told a friend of mine that the rope-trick used to be performed in this fashion. The performer was tied neck and feet and put into a sack, the mouth of which was carefully secured. He was then thrown into deep water, from which he emerged swimming, free from both ropes and sack. Now, let this experiment be tried publicly in the Serpentine, with the Brothers Davenport, and let Lord Bury, Captain Inglefield, or any other enlightened amateur be tied up along with them to see fair play. If they succeed, they will add greatly to the number of their converts. Of course the Humane Society can be at hand to give them a fair chance of resuscitation if they fail. A similar ordeal was once applied to witches—why not to conjurers?"

FISH CULTURE IN AUSTRALIA.—Our great salmon experiment is in a most interesting stage. I yesterday saw the parr, some 300 in number, in the tanks at the Ice Company's works. The little fish are about an inch and a quarter long; they are strong and active, and

feed freely on the cooked liver prepared for them. Some of them are of a dark colour, and some of a light colour, and an observation may be made here somewhat noteworthy, perhaps, as a fact in natural history. When frightened they make towards the stones and gravel at the bottom of the tanks, the darker-coloured fish laying themselves alongside the darker stones, and the lighter-coloured fish alongside the lighter stones—a practice which must, of course, be instinctive, and must greatly conduce to preserving them from the sight of hostile fish. My reading is neither extensive nor minute enough to enable me to say whether this observation has been made before. Probably not, as the opportunities for closely watching the early habits of the young salmon cannot have been very numerous.—*Times Letter*.

A MULLER CASE IN INDIA.—A murderous outrage has recently taken place on the East Indian Railway between Ahmoodpore and Bhulpore; a gentleman travelling in a second-class carriage having been suddenly attacked by a person travelling in the same carriage and robbed of his watch, and after being beaten severely was thrown out of the window, but contrived to lay hold of the footstep of the carriage, and by clinging to the buffer held on till the train reached the station. The man who committed the outrage is in custody.—*Bombay Gazette*, Sept. 28.

BALLIOL COLLEGE.—On Friday last, the Fellows of Balliol College, Oxon, came to a resolution which will thenceforward admit Roman Catholic undergraduates to that great and learned society.—*Express*.

THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH AND OUR MERCANTILE NAVY.

At the Bristol Church Congress, a naval chaplain drew attention to the spiritual wants of the mercantile marine, and advocated the extension of the Episcopate to that portion of our population resident on the seas. Anything which may tend to bind seamen to their country and to the sea service, to which they now seem disinclined, is most desirable. The whole moral condition of our merchant seamen needs revision. Excepting in the employment of the great companies and of a few large-hearted owners, the connection between employers and employed is very lax indeed. As a rule, neither has any personal interest in the other. The commonest comforts and decencies of sea-life are frequently, not to say generally, entirely wanting. The miseries of the wretched "forecastle" in high latitudes are untold,—the fruitful source of disease, of discontent, and of premature old age and death.

Much has been done by a few active missionaries to ameliorate the seaman's condition, and abate his disabilities, by drawing attention to his wants; but this social and domestic nuisance has not yet succumbed to their representations. They have succeeded in amending the advance-note system, and in improving the emigration regulations; and by such practical helps to the bodies of the seamen, they have endeared themselves afloat, and recommended their higher message to the men. But a dozen clerical and two dozen lay missionaries are all which are at present engaged, and these are under the direction of a mixed committee in London, or practically under that of their clerical secretary. Neither the labourers nor their superintendents are what they ought to be to cope with the work before them. 306,000 seamen, exclusive of the fishing and other amphibious population, would give ample scope for 150 clergymen, were they all clustered in large numbers at different points; but divided as they are over the whole world, a still larger force would find full employment.

The Royal Navy, with its 70,000 seamen and marines, employs 95 clergymen, whilst 60 others are retired from active service. If the merchant navy had clerical aid in the same proportion 400 clergymen would be required. It is of course simply absurd to sit still and expect such a supply to fall from the skies in our days. Let us rather see how we can utilize the means at our disposal, and at the same time use these means for a national as well as individual advantage. In our home ports, let us by all means expand the mission work, making it, if possible, more catholic and less sectarian in its aims. But abroad, where our seamen spend the best, as well as the largest, portion of their lives, an opportunity exists for recognising their nationality, attaching them to their country, and breaking down the barrier which prejudice and ignorance form against serving under the pendant. We allude to the presence of ships of war carrying chaplains, who are sent to all ends of the world, simply as a protection to our mercantile operations. Let the ship of war add to her protection the duty of conciliating our merchant seamen, affording them spiritual instruction on board the merchant ship, and admitting them to the Sunday services of the ship of war. The duties of the naval chaplain are said to be small; these missionary visits to the merchant seamen will do them a great kindness, without interfering with the care of the missionary's own limited flock. Personal invitations to the ship of war's Sunday services will be generally accepted, and the seamen will fraternise with their "sea police" brethren, and become familiar with the interior of a man of war under all the favourable conditions of Sunday spruceness and quietude.

Thus, at small expense, with only somebody at home to supervise and encourage these and similar labours, this great diocese, extending from pole to pole, inhabited by a most important branch of our island population, will be retrieved from spiritual destitution; and at the same time our national defences will be strengthened by the stronger attachment of that nomadic race on whose patriotism and pluck is our ultimate reliance, not only to their country, but to the Queen's service.

Such an arrangement would necessitate the union of the religious interests of the Royal Mercantile Navy. Whether a Chaplain-General at Whitehall could supervise the whole, or whether the ecclesiastical chief should hold a bishop's rank, as advocated at Bristol, may be indifferent. But what we are nationally concerned in is, that the gross neglect which has for centuries left our sea population far more spiritually destitute than the heathen should now be amended; that our degraded seamen should be reclaimed, and that our reclaimed seamen should not feel that a sea-life is inconsistent with a Christian one. In reclaiming them, we add to the tenure of their lives; and in caring for them when reclaimed, we prevent them exchanging seamanship for home life or emigration.

Simultaneously with this demand in the interests of the merchant seamen is the cry of the naval chaplains, alluded to at the Bristol Congress, for more opportunities of work in their own proper sphere. They complain, and with apparent reason, of not being permitted to do the very duties for which they were appointed; and they point to the recent special legislation to lessen the effects of a particular sin, as a public evidence of the inutility of their presence on ship-board under present restrictions. And no doubt the "Contagious Diseases Act of 1864" is hardly consonant with the active influence of the naval clergy, making all allowances for the frailties of our race. The speaker at the Church Congress combined this cry of the 155 naval clergy, for liberty of action and for ecclesiastical supervision, with the necessities of the mercantile marine, and seemed to think the interests of both were sufficiently indetical to admit of a common control. Looking at the question from a national point of view, we entirely agree with him that such a union would tend to eradicate the antipathy of the two sea-services, to combine them in one kindly and common bond, and thus to remove a great obstacle to the formation of our reserves and to the manning of our fleet in the event of war.

Whether, in a departmental point of view, the idea will be acceptable to the authorities is quite another question. The prejudices which separate the men of war and the merchant seamen operate almost as strongly on their officers of all ranks. The Admiralty and the Board of Trade partake of the failing. They have, however, broken through their jealousies in the case of the Naval Reserve; let the same wisdom operate in deciding the question before us, and we doubt not but that they will add to the inducements to join in the Reserves by bridging the gulf between the two services with a moral suspension bridge, easy of construction, simple in its operation, and exceedingly cheap in its cost.

DR. COLENZO'S CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

THE particular form which the love of rushing into print has been lately assuming in the person of Dr. Colenso is newspaper controversy. His chief delight at present seems to be to catch an archbishop, or a bishop, tripping in inconsistency, or in some heresy of his own kind, and then to drag him into open light as an arch-offender. He has tried this game on previous occasions; but now the Archbishop of York is the selected object on which he is practising his dexterity. It will be remembered that the good Archbishop lately made himself an admirable mark for this kind of sharp-shooting by being ignorant of the contents of a book which had been dedicated to him by "A Layman of the Church of England." Of this delinquency, neglect, or unavoidable misfortune—whichever it be—the Bishop of Natal has taken advantage; and consequently we find the Archbishop dragged this week, in the *Times*, into a controversy which, we feel sure, he would have gladly avoided. It is not quite the thing, in these days, for bishops to exhibit themselves in this kind of wordy warfare. In a spiritual sense, the display is by no means edifying; for, whichever be the antagonist thrown, an uncharitable titter at the episcopal disaster is sure to run the round of society. But what is the advantage which Dr. Colenso can gain by thus forcing a controversy on Dr. Thomson? Certainly the excuse of the latter is a lame one—namely, that he had not time to read the "Layman's" book. Dr. Thomson draws a sad picture of the amount of episcopal toil endured by him in the short space of three weeks—twenty works awaiting his perusal, two hundred letters to be written, eighty persons to be received, five sermons to be preached, a synod to be held, two consecrations, one ordination, and seven hundred miles to be travelled. But, knowing well how easy the task is of roughly ascertaining the contents of a book, we adhere to the opinion that such a book as that of the "Layman" should have been known to his Grace. At least, he should have deputed his chaplains to examine it, and to point out objectionable passages, if there were any. But, admitting the delinquency, what has Dr. Colenso to gain by it? Suppose that Dr. Thomson was aware of its contents; admit that, knowing them, he refused to withdraw his name from the dedication after it was once given—does this implicate the Archbishop in approbation of views such as those of Dr. Colenso? Most assuredly it does not. The Archbishop belongs decidedly to a very different class of thinkers; and he may, therefore, very safely say to Dr. Colenso, "I have read with care the first and second parts of your work, and they produced in me a profound effect, but not in the direction of persuasion; and nothing that I have since read or heard has drawn me nearer to an agreement with them."

THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN AND MR. TÖNNESSEN.

IN a recent number we noticed the very extraordinary manner in which the Bishop of Capetown has recently been acting towards the clergy of the diocese of Natal in general, and Mr. Tönnessen in particular. On October 5th we inserted a second communication on the subject, implying that Mr. Tönnessen had changed the tone he had at first adopted, and had cancelled his first letter by writing a second of a different tenour. We then added the following question:—"Did he write this second letter voluntarily or under strong compulsion?" We are now able to state that he wrote under strong compulsion. He was informed that the Privy Council had no jurisdiction over the proceedings of Dr. Gray, and that Dr. Colenso had not, in point of fact, attempted to appeal. Further, he was told that, if he disobeyed his Metropolitan, his license would be withdrawn, and his name struck off the lists of the Propagation Society. Truly, religious freedom flourishes in the "Church of Africa."

THE GAOL CRUCIFIX QUESTION.—The difficulty as to the supply of crucifixes, candlesticks, &c., for the services of the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Preston House of Correction is about to be settled in a way which was scarcely expected. Dr. Goss, the Roman Catholic bishop, has written to Mr. Addison, the gentleman who made the proposal for the grant of £40 for these purposes, to the effect that the sum will not be accepted, and that whatever is required will be provided by the Roman Catholics themselves.

THE JEWS IN MOROCCO.—Sir Moses Montefiore has written a letter to the elders of the Jews in Morocco, exhorting them to promote among their poorer and less educated brethren uniform obedience to, and respect for, the Moorish authorities. The danger is that the Jews may now assume a too independent tone, and, by demanding equal treatment with the Mahomedans, lose some of the benefits of the Emperor's edict of toleration. Sir Moses wisely advises patience under petty injuries, and submission to the Moorish authorities, as the best means of preserving the purposes of the edict from being defeated by the fanaticism of the Mahomedan party.

SUICIDE FROM COLENSOISM.—It is alleged that the suicide of Mr. Thomas Huntley, a clerk in the Messrs. Spottiswoode's printing-office, who cut his throat with a carving-knife, was owing to the doubts raised in his mind by reading Dr. Colenso's works. He had been a sober and temperate man, but his new studies had led him to disbelieve a future state. These doubts had, however, been acting on a mind previously diseased. Mr. Nathaniel Clifton, surgeon, stated in evidence, at the coroner's inquest, that the deceased was labouring under an affection of the mind, and he recommended restraint. The jury wisely avoided giving any opinion on the religious question, and returned as verdict—"Suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

A SISTERHOOD IN LEEDS.—It is said that a sisterhood is about to be established in connection with the parish church of Leeds, under the sanction of the vicar and the active encouragement and co-operation of the curates. The Rev. Mr. Page will be the principal of the institution.

CONFIRMATION IN PORTLAND PRISON.—The Bishop of Salisbury held a Confirmation at the Portland convict establishment last week, when fifty-eight prisoners were confirmed. Seventeen young persons, the sons and daughters of the officers of the establishment, were at the same time admitted to a renewal of their baptismal vows.

THE CLAYBROOK SERMON PREACHED AT LAST.—A pulpit has at last been found for Dr. Colenso's sermon on Abraham's sacrifice. On Sunday last, the Rev. Dr. Maginnis, minister of the Unitarian Chapel in Stourbridge, Warwickshire, read this discourse to his congregation, by which it was no doubt received with great favour. How great the advantage of a comprehensive basis in theology! We next expect to hear that it will be preached to the Mussulmans of Constantinople.

IGNATIANA.—Brother Ignatius has latterly become such an object of interest, that one naturally looks forward each week for the sparkling draught of news which bubbles up from so brilliant a fountain. He certainly achieved a great victory last week in successfully letting off the speech at the Church Congress, the very idea which had struck alarm into the clerical minds there present. But now this favour, for which he was indebted to the prudence and moderation of the Episcopal President of the Congress, is turned into bitterness. The same Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has written to the clergy of his diocese, forbidding them to admit Mr. Lyne into their pulpits. The "Brother" stands, therefore, inhibited now in two dioceses. We are also duly informed that Brother Ignatius will return to the "monastery" at Norwich on the 31st instant; that the brethren are reduced to four in number; that "Brother Martin" has been expelled during the past week for insubordination; and that the "Infant Samuel," the child two years old, recently solemnly dedicated to the order, is still at the monastery.

BISHOP CROWTHER'S RECEPTION IN AFRICA.—Among the items of intelligence received by the Church Missionary Society is the following from the Rev. G. Nicol, who writes from Regent, August 20th:—"Bishop Crowther's arrival here was hailed with unusual joy. The Church in Sierra Leone appreciates the honour which England has, under God, conferred upon us. There was a general prayer-meeting in all our parishes on his behalf on the 20th of last month. On his arrival all the pastors and agents of the Society assembled at Fourah Bay, and addresses were then presented. The Bishop's reply was admirable. His simplicity and humility and practical good sense told upon all. . . . We shall never forget the meeting. He left us accompanied with many prayers for success on the great work to which the Lord has called him."

THE "UNION REVIEW" ON THE INDEX.—The *Churchman* states upon reliable authority that a letter has been received from the "Holy Office" at Rome by a distinguished Roman Catholic prelate, who has for some years been a warm supporter of corporate reunion, and has taken a deep interest in the *Union Review* and its policy, intimating that this Church of England magazine has been formally placed upon the Index, and that Dr. Manning (through whose influence so distinguishing a mark of dislike is said to have been obtained) has been commissioned to warn all those members of the Roman Church in England who have been in the habit of contributing to its pages that they will be expected to discontinue the practice under pain of excommunication.

THE ORGAN IN SCOTLAND.—At the close of the afternoon service on Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Lee intimated to the congregation of Old Greyfriars (Established Kirk) that a sum of £500 had been subscribed for the purpose of erecting an organ in the church. The Rev. Doctor thanked the congregation for their liberal response to his appeal, which he said he knew was very much intended as a proof of personal sympathy with him in regard to this matter, and named a committee of the congregation to co-operate with the elders and deacons to take steps for the immediate building of an organ in the church. It was hoped that the instrument would be in use before the next meeting of the General Assembly.—*Scotsman*.

THE *Observer* says that the question of the deprivation of the Bishop of Natal by the Bishop of Capetown, Metropolitan of South Africa, will come before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council immediately after the forthcoming Michaelmas Term. The question is in the form of an appeal, but it is not yet duly before the Council, inasmuch as the Lord Chancellor announced that their lordships would first have to decide whether they have any jurisdiction in the matter. The Bishop of Capetown insists that there is no appeal to the Committee of Privy Council against his decision, which was a purely spiritual sentence, and that the only appeal he at any time acknowledged was to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as "Patriarch" of the Church. In the event of the Judicial Committee deciding that they have no jurisdiction, the Bishop of Capetown will forthwith memorialize her Majesty to nominate a Bishop for the vacant diocese of Natal.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE opening of the Royal English Opera Company on Saturday last with Auber's "Masaniello" might be taken as a significant illustration of the state of creative musical art in this country. Although during the past quarter of a century we have had a constant succession of operas by English composers, most of them lauded in contemporary newspaper criticism as works of merit, in some cases of genius; yet, on the starting of an undertaking, the chief aim of which is understood to be the cultivation of an English school of art, no one of the past productions of "native talent" is deemed worthy of revival. Notwithstanding the palpably low state of English musical composition, we still think that some work of home growth might have been found with which to inaugurate a scheme which claims a nationality by its very title—Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," or "Fair Rosamond"—or better still, his subsequent and yet unheard work, "Kathleen," long since, we believe, engraved, and pronounced to contain some of his best music. However, in default of any such work, and while awaiting the preparation of the new operas specially promised, perhaps no better choice could have been made than "Masaniello," with all the advantages of the splendid stage accessories of the Royal Italian Opera. Although Auber's charming music is alien from the ostensible purpose of the new company, the performance on the opening night possessed an English interest in the nationality of most of the principal artists engaged, and a special feature in the first appearance of Mr. Charles Adams, a gentleman of English birth, but whose career has hitherto been pursued in America and Germany. Mr. Adams has a tenor voice of which the upper octave is by far the best portion, the lower half of his scale being weak and without resonance. He excels rather in phrases of quiet pathos and smooth expression than in passages requiring declamatory force or executive power, in which latter respects he has still to acquire a higher degree of vocal finish. He gained largely on his audience as the opera progressed, and his success was decided by his very expressive and refined delivery of the "Slumber Song," which Masaniello sings over his sleeping sister. We hope for future opportunities of hearing Mr. Adams in other parts, under the strong impression that he will prove a valuable addition to the very limited list of English tenors. Mr. Herbert Bond, as Don Alphonso, also a first appearance, has a very light tenor voice, of agreeable quality, and sings with much refinement, but is greatly wanting in energy and passion, both vocal and dramatic. He is very young, however, and gives signs of aptitude for progress. Madame Parepa's brilliant and facile vocalization is especially suited to the music of Elvira, which has seldom been better sung than on this occasion. Mr. Weiss was an impressive and ferocious Pietro, and gave his "barcarolle" with great effect. Mdlle. Giraud, neither the worst nor the best Fenella we have seen, was energetic in the pantomimic portrayal of the dumb girl's wrongs. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Mellon, is but slightly different from, and little inferior to, that presided over by Mr. Costa during the Royal Italian Opera season; and Mr. Beverley's beautiful scenery and the excellent stage-management of Mr. Harris are identically the same as during that period. So far the

Royal English Opera Company may be congratulated on a successful commencement, which it is to be hoped the approaching production of Mr. Macfarren's new opera, "Helvellyn," may enhance and confirm.

Mr. Macfarren's new "Opera di Camera" ("The Soldier's Legacy"), produced at the Gallery of Illustration on Wednesday night, if not an advance on his previous work of that kind ("Jessy Lea"), is at least equal to it. The book (again by Mr. Oxenford) has somewhat more of life and dramatic interest than in the former instance; and although the materials of the plot have seen some wear and tear in dramatic use, they are put together with so much tact, and the incidental lyrics are so superior to the general average of such productions, as to add materially to the attractions of a work in which any coarseness of handling would be especially repulsive. There is no need to repeat the old story of a young soldier promising, on the battle-field, to take charge of the child which a dying comrade has left at home; how the surviving friend, believing the child to be a boy, ultimately discovers his charge to be a charming young woman, and eventually becomes not only her guardian but her husband. This, with a little underplot of a comic village fiddler and a vivacious husband-hunting widow, makes up a sufficient framework for the introduction of various songs and concerted pieces. These are somewhat too numerous for the calibre of the work—sixteen movements are too many for a two-act piece, which should pass off lightly and rapidly; and Mr. Macfarren would do well to omit some half hour of the least effective portions of his music, especially those instances (and there are several) in which he has attempted the style and proportions of grand opera rather than that simple, transparent, and fluent manner which belongs to the "Opera di Camera." Anything like an inflated or grandiose style is unfitted for such a work, and demands more important support than a mere pianoforte accompaniment. From this cause the first act progressed rather heavily, none of the pieces making any very marked effect. The second act, however, fully atoned for any previous shortcomings, being throughout in Mr. Macfarren's best style. The first real hit was the ballad for the young hussar, Jack Weatherall ("A Simple tune sometimes we hear"), a charming melody which won a deserved encore. Following this, the enraged Widow Wantley's song, "Something I'll do," made a still stronger impression. This is one of the best pieces in the whole work—full of character and animation, and admirably sung and declaimed as it was by that excellent artist, Miss Poole, was universally re-demanded. Very charming, too, is the ballad, "I never knew my Heart," expressively sung by Miss Henderson, also encored. The trio, "Happy Moments," with its capital chattering coda, "Have a Care, Sir, Have a Care," and the finale, with its dance-like phrases, brought the work to a close with a spirit and success by no means foreshadowed by its commencement. All four artists concerned in the performance exerted themselves to the utmost, and had evidently bestowed great care in preparation. Of Misses Henderson and Poole we have already spoken. Mr. Whiffin, as the young hussar lover, sang with much taste and refinement—his chief fault being a tendency to a nasal tone when occasionally forcing his voice beyond its natural powers. Mr. Shaw, as the village fiddler, acted with much grotesque humour, and sang quite as well as is usual with low comedians. The admirable pianoforte accompaniment of Madame Macfarren was an important feature in the whole performance, and deserves especial mention in recording a success which was as genuine as, we trust, it will be continuous.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

"CYMBELINE"—one of the rudest, least popular, and most beautiful—one of the most indelicate and yet delicate—of Shakespeare's plays, has been revived at Drury Lane, with Miss Helen Faucit in the character of Imogen. It is nearly thirty years ago since she first played this part at Covent Garden, and full twenty years since she played it at Drury Lane, with Mr. Macready as Iachimo, and Mr. Anderson as Posthumus. Mr. Phelps is now the Posthumus at Drury Lane, and time, to all appearance, has dealt lightly with both actor and actress. It is curious, to say the least of it, to find two youthful characters personated by a lady and gentleman whose united ages amount to far more than a century. The record of such a fact reads like one of those "remarkable cases of longevity" which the newspapers are so fond of chronicling, and yet we are bound to say that Mr. Phelps and Miss Faucit look remarkably well. Mr. Phelps paints himself youthful, and Miss Faucit trusts much to her natural advantages. The play is produced entirely for the lady, for Posthumus is a very third-rate character—a very weak Othello—and Iachimo, entrusted to Mr. Creswick, is a very bad copy of Iago. Cloten is another unthankful part, and this was represented by Mr. Walter Lacy.

Imogen is one of the most charming of Shakespeare's female characters, and Miss Faucit has many excellent qualifications for the part. Her refined, sensitive, and thoughtful acting—too slow and tame to be broadly popular—exactly suits the meek, loving, trustful wife. When she puts on boy's clothes, and joins Belarius and the two stolen sons of the king in the mountain cave (the most poetical and redeeming part of the play), she never loses her feminine grace and feeling. We could wish at times that she was a little less finical or affected; but she never offends by coarseness. Her passion is a little strained, and her pathos does not go very deep, but her command of facial expression is admirable. She

is more satisfactory in intense than in violent parts. Her presence at a theatre always attracts a large number of literary men, women, and artists, and of those intelligent classes who have left off going to the play. She has had no regular engagement in London since she appeared at the Lyceum in the early part of 1858, while that house was under the eccentric management of Mr. Charles Dillon.

Mr. Phelps, as Posthumus, Mr. Creswick, as Iachimo, Mr. H. Marston, as Belarius, and Mr. W. Lacy, as Cloten, all acted sensibly. The three mountaineers, as usual, looked like acrobats. The scenery is the old Drury-lane scenery re-touched. Before the play a new Irish farce, called "The O'Flahertys," by Mr. E. Falconer, was produced, and vigorously damned. Nothing can be said in mitigation of the verdict.

The "Davenport Brothers"—that is, Messrs. J. & W. Davenport, Mr. Fay, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Palmer—have now resolved to appear in public as often as they can obtain engagements; and, by way of announcing this resolve, they invited "the Press" on Tuesday evening to the Hanover-square Rooms, sending the following circular:—

"Experiments of the
DAVENPORT BROTHERS,
in
PRETERNATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

"The phenomena occurring in their presence have been differently ascribed by some to what is termed 'spiritual agency'—by others to legerdemain. Some attribute them to a power analogous to mesmeric influence and resident in the human body, the nature of which is at present unknown; the operators themselves are in ignorance of the means employed and of the source of the power they possess.

"The pleasure of your company is requested at a *séance*, to be held on Tuesday, Oct. 18, evening, at 7½ o'clock. Hanover-square Rooms.

"I am, yours, &c.,

"H. D. PALMER,

"Manager of the Davenport Brothers.

"Admitting one person only.—Not transferable."

About seventy persons attended, and the performances consisted of the rope-tying tricks inside the cabinet, described by Mr. Boucicault and others several times during the last month. Two gentlemen from amongst the audience—Messrs. Charles Reade and John Hollingshead—were deputed to go on the platform, tie the Brothers, and act as what was somewhat absurdly called "a committee," and after they had performed their thankless task to the satisfaction of nearly all the audience, a few discontented spirits accused them of being confederates. All that the Davenport Brothers do in the way of tying and untying themselves inside this cabinet, playing upon musical and unmusical instruments, thrusting hands out of a loophole, and hurling trumpets through the same aperture, requires the assistance of no confederate. By some means, yet to be discovered, but which are known to dozens of conjurors who do the same trick in various forms, these Brothers are able to get their hands in and out of their bonds at will, and when this is done, the rest follows as a matter of course. The cabinet may or may not have secret springs, but it has no apparent trap-doors or concealed drawers, and these contrivances are hardly required for the rope performance. Darkness or half-darkness is not a necessary condition of the trick, and is merely what is known as a conjuror's "gag." On Tuesday night the Brothers could do nothing except the rope-trick in the cabinet, although they made two attempts, and there were no flying-guitars, and no changes of coats to surprise the very sceptical audience. The performance established one fact—a very important one—that the tying must always be done under the direction of the Brothers, and that, with the exception of fastening the wrists behind the body, fastening the ankles or legs together, and fastening the young men to the seat inside the cabinet, the whole muscular system of each performer is left free. Their fee, we understand, has now come down to ten guineas a performance—not too much for five people who lay claim to preternatural power.

The Strand Music-Hall, after many promises, is opened at last—and is one of the most oddly-arranged buildings in London. We say nothing about the decorations, which are of a *bizarre*, *rococo*, *scorbutic*, and *confectionery* order—but everything appears to be lopsided. When the building is complete, and another gallery is added, it will then be time to criticise it as a whole—at present it is three-fourths of a sombre, gaudy temple. The lighting, after the fashion of the House of Commons, is the best part about it, and the merit of this is claimed both by Mr. Keeling and Messrs. Defries. The entertainments at present are of the promenade-concert type, and the music and singing are very good. The conductor is Mr. F. Kingsbury. The regulations against smoking in the body of the hall are already broken through, and the entertainments before long will probably become more like those of the music-halls.

Mr. Sothorn's country engagements are said to be very successful, his principal character being David Garrick. We believe he has secured several dramas written by Mr. Watts Phillips, one of which will probably be produced at the Haymarket, on his return at Christmas, under the title of "The Woman in Mauve." We have had "women in white," black, red, and other tints, and there is no reason why the first colour of the aniline series should not have its hour on the stage.

Mr. Toole's country engagements are also very successful, but he has done more with Dot at Liverpool than he has with Stephen

Digges. Mr. Boucicault is in Liverpool superintending the production of a new Indian drama called "Omoo," in which real monkeys are to be introduced. This piece is not taken from Hermann Melville's American novel; but is, as usual, drawn from a French source—the same which gave us, some years ago, the Adelphi drama of the "Sea of Ice." On Monday next Mr. Boucicault will appear with Mr. John Brougham at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in a new Irish drama of his own, called "Arrah Na Pough." This is the piece which is to be produced at the Princess's Theatre about Christmas, instead of a pantomime, if the Webster-Boucicault feud does not prevent it.

The Birkenhead Theatre—the first erected on the Cheshire side of the Mersey—is completed, and it will be opened on the 31st of October. It is light and elegant inside, but very plain outside, and is about the size of the Olympic. The entrances and drawing-rooms are very spacious.

The New Manchester Theatre was opened on Saturday last with great success. It is the only theatre in the town of any architectural pretensions, and is constructed to hold about two thousand people. Its internal arrangements are excellent, and its decorations are effective without being gaudy. It starts with an ambitious, half "legitimate" programme, which will hardly be maintained, and it will ultimately be very useful and profitable as a vaudeville theatre. The proprietors are a small joint-stock company—called the "Manchester Entertainments Company," and the directors are gentlemen and men of taste, well known in Manchester. Mr. Salomons, the architect, is one of the board, and he has been engaged to construct a new opera-house in Liverpool, the capital for which (£40,000) has just been subscribed.

The Strand managers, with very questionable taste, are going to revive Mr. Byron's burlesque of "Mazeppa," which was originally produced at the Olympic, with the late Mr. Robson in the chief character. They have engaged Miss Raynham, who has more talent than judgment, and she is announced to appear as Mazeppa. The object of the management is, doubtless, to parody the *posé plastique* spectacle at Astley's, and Miss Raynham will certainly find no difficulty in imitating the Billingsgate elocution and suggestive attitudes of the "gifted" "Miss" Menken. Such a performance can hardly injure the Strand, but it will hardly improve Miss Raynham. The failure of her attempt to do what Robson had done as "Masaniello" ought to have taught her a little prudence. Mr. Craven's parody of Robson in the play of "Milky White" is quite enough in one evening at one theatre.

Mr. Cave, the active and practical manager of the Marylebone Theatre, is resolved to compete with the Princess's and other houses in the way of excessive scenic illustration. He has the deepest stage in London, and he is determined to use it. His first panoramic attempt has been made upon a nautical drama of the good old absurd "Black-Eyed Susan" type, and the house is crowded every night to witness a sea-fight in which four thousand square feet of canvas are used, and one of the best shipwrecks ever shown upon the stage.

THE British Museum has received the statues from the Farnese Palace at Rome, recently purchased from his Majesty, the ex-king of Naples. These statues are nine in number. This acquisition is mainly due (says the *Times*) to the friendly intervention of Mr. William Storey, the well-known American sculptor at Rome, whose Cleopatra and African Sibyl were so justly admired in the Great Exhibition, and whose Saul, still in his studio, is a work of even greater power. To Mr. Storey the first overtures respecting this purchase were made, and it was by his untiring zeal and patience that the long and tedious negotiation which ensued was brought to a satisfactory termination.

MR. GREENOUGH, the well-known American sculptor, has just sent from his atelier to London a bust of the distinguished actress Miss Helen Faucit, which, as a work of art, has received the highest commendation from the amateurs of Paris.

A LETTER from Paris gives the following analysis of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," now under rehearsal at the French opera:—"Vasco de Gama, returning from his first voyage to Africa with a cargo of negroes, is shipwrecked. Two alone of the negroes were saved—Nelasco, an African traitor, and Celika, ex-Queen of Madagascar, a long time before King Radama and his widow. Vasco is condemned by a naval court-martial for having lost his ship, and the sentence is communicated to him in an octavo of bass voices, which is the most remarkable air in the first act. In the second act, Vasco is in prison with the Queen of Madagascar and Nelasco. The latter wishes to kill him during his sleep, but the Queen, who loves Vasco, utters a cry and saves him. In the third act, Vasco has obtained permission to return to Africa to pursue his discoveries. Celika is with him, but he is again shipwrecked, and thrown on the coast of Madagascar. Here is a change of scenery. Celika is mistress here in place of being a slave. She will force Vasco to love her, or she will put him to death. At the end, however, she abandons her plans, and resolves she will die. To carry her resolution into effect, she goes to sleep under the upas-tree while singing an adieu to Vasco. The plot is romantic and the scenery is splendid, but the public are uneasy lest the actors should not prove themselves equal to the parts allotted to them."

THE steam-packet *Meris*, of the Messageries Impériales Company, sailed last month from Marseilles for Alexandria, and on touching at Messina took on board Madame Ristori and her troop of comedians to convey them to Egypt. The commander of the *Meris* thought it a good opportunity to avail himself of Madame Ristori's splendid talents for a charitable purpose, and he requested her to organize a representation for the sufferers by the fire at Limoges. Madame

Ristori willingly assented, and after the performance a collection was made among the passengers and ship's company, which produced a sum of 2,100*l.* (£84).

THE National Choral Society held its first weekly meeting this season on Wednesday, at Exeter Hall, when nearly 400 members of the choir assembled for a rehearsal of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt." In consequence of the large number of applications to join the choir and band of the society, the list will be closed in a few days.

ROSSINI, as a mark of gratitude to his native country, which has lately erected a statue to him, has given it a sum of 10,000 francs, to be spent in works of benevolence.

SCIENCE.

A NEW method of analyzing the human breath has quite recently been announced by Messrs. Tyndall & Barrett, of the Royal Institution. It appears that the expired air can be more minutely analyzed and examined by physical than by the ordinary chemical means, and if this be true, the system will no doubt soon be adopted in our large hospitals and similar institutions. The new plan is based upon the fact that carbonic acid, although in regard to the ordinary sources of heat a feeble absorber, becomes a very powerful one when the caloric is developed by carbonic oxide flame. The following is the manner in which Mr. Barret carries out his experiment:—A small flame of carbonic oxide is caused to burn regularly within a glass globe. The latter has on one side an aperture opposite the flame, which allows the radiation to pass unchanged into a brass experimental tube, which is fixed horizontally in front of the lamp. The radiation from the flame, after passing through the experimental tube (previously thoroughly exhausted of air), falls on a thermo-electric pile, deflecting the needle of a suspended and delicate galvanometer. In the next instance this deflection is neutralized by placing before the opposite face of the pile a cube containing water kept boiling; and also by the careful adjustment of a double metal screen. If an absorbent gas is now admitted into the tube the balance is destroyed, and the needle is deflected according to the absorbing power which the gas possesses. In this way the percentage of carbonic acid in an atmosphere may easily be calculated; and in one experiment which these chemists made, the air of their laboratory, compared with that from the downs of Brighton, possessed an excess of absorbing power equivalent to four per cent.

At the late meeting of the Pharmaceutical conference Mr. C. R. C. Tichborne read an interesting paper upon the subject of the preparation and preservation of aromata. Having observed the faculty which glycerine possesses of preserving vegetable as well as animal substances, he packed different kinds of scented flowers in jars and covered them with glycerine. Some specimens were kept in this way for two years, and when the glycerine was removed it was found that the volatile oils had been removed by it, and on distillation a liquid was obtained vastly superior to the "water" extracted from flowers preserved in salt. The glycerine is readily removed from the water by simply evaporating the latter. The delicate oils of jasmine, orange, heliotrope, &c., are best extracted by steeping the flowers in glycerine, pressing, again steeping, and so on for several successive occasions, and finally diluting with water and shaking with chloroform, which removes the oil.

The Paris correspondent of the *Chemical News* asserts that M. Richter, of Stuttgart, has devised a novel means of extracting juice from grapes. Instead of pressing them in the ordinary manner, he places them in a drum provided with a suitable strainer, and revolving at a rate of from 1,000 to 1,500 revolutions per minute. It is said the following advantages result from this plan:—

(1) The time required for the operation is greatly lessened, the whole of the must from one cwt. of grapes being obtained in five minutes; (2) the quantity of juice is increased by five or six per cent.; (3) "Stalking" is rendered unnecessary; and (4) the agitated must is so mixed with air that fermentation takes place with great rapidity.

Quite lately, a means of carburetting our ordinary coal gas so as to intensify its illuminating power was demonstrated in London. The apparatus required, in order to mix the vapour of the hydro-carbon oils with the gas, is neither complex nor expensive; and it appears that enormous advantages accrue to those employing the new method. The inventor states that in London 1,000 feet of gas cost 4*s.* 6*d.*, and, as burnt in flat-flame burners, gives an illuminating power equivalent to only 1,500 candles. If to this be added four and a half pounds of carbolene, the light is raised to that of 7,500 candles, and this result is produced at a cost of about ninepence. In other words, 5,000 feet of common gas give a light equivalent to 7,500 candles, at a cost of £1. 2*s.* 6*d.*, whilst the same light can be obtained by the new method at a cost of 5*s.* 3*d.*, being a saving of 17*s.* 3*d.* upon every 5,000 feet of gas consumed. This invention, which belongs to a clergyman (the Rev. W. R. Bowditch), promises to prove a great success.

WEATHER WISDOM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—When any hypothesis can be submitted to analytical or mathematical test, and found to be theoretically discordant or impossible, it would be unwise to waste valuable time in the continued pursuit of such an object as must end in disappointment. Nevertheless, examples are not wanting of enthusiastic individuals who, either

from obstinacy or insufficient wisdom to comprehend the subject in all its bearings, have vainly wasted their lives in search of "the philosopher's stone," "perpetual motion," "squaring the circle," or some other mare's nest; in fact, books are continually published full of the most absurd statements and grotesque errors in the very first principles of science, which, for the credit of the authors, had better been consigned to the flames than the bookshelf. This, at least, points to an important fact—deficiency of education, and of the scientific element in particular.

Now, adopting Mr. Pearce's mode of reasoning, we should be compelled to accept the foregoing as derived truths, together with all the humbug and imposition of the present day, flourishing under cover of some "ism" or "ology," patronized occasionally by some eccentric *savant*; indeed, one might devote a whole lifetime in disputing the absurdities perpetually advanced. The rejection of Galileo's assertion by the fanatics of his day is not analogous to the rejection of Mr. Pearce's assertion by the scientific men of our day; because the former accords with theory, observation, and practice, and prevailed, like all truths; whereas the latter does not accord with either of these conditions, is at variance with meteorological experience, makes no progress, and I venture to predict never will prevail.

Mr. Pearce misrepresents with reference to Zadkielism: his knowledge of mathematics has nothing to do with the question. I say astrology predicts the downfall of empires and the downfall of rain—political changes and weather changes—the destiny of mankind and the destiny of the winds—all from planetary positions. He claims his fulfilments by coincident events, the same as Mr. Pearce does, and with equal advantage, according to his testimony—hence the absurdity.

Again, with regard to vagueness, "more or less atmospheric disturbance," unsettled "changes," may mean a flash of lightning at the Orkneys, a shower of rain at the Land's End, or a gust of wind in the Baltic; but when he predicts "rain," "gales," "overcast," "mist," "fog," "hail," and such like, I must admit he is explicit in what he predicts; but we are left in a very misty, foggy, and overcast state of mind as to where these things will be manifested.

A dense fog prevails twenty miles off, whilst it is brilliant here; a gale in one town and a calm in the next; foul in one and fair in the other;—in fact, every diversity of weather will exist contemporaneously over the British Isles.

Mr. Pearce says this *somewhere* is over the United Kingdom, and possibly a part of the Continent, as he avails himself of Admiral Fitzroy's useful weather reports for verifications. A very safe way of predicting, certainly, and just tantamount to predicting all sorts of weather at once.

The united effort of all the planets to affect the earth, either by gravitation or light, as compared with the moon's power, is about the same "as a drop in the ocean," and the meteorological effect of the moon, in comparison with the overwhelming results of solar agency and terrestrial rotation, is much about the same ratio.

Practical demonstrations being frequently more convincing to the general reader than theoretical, I append a few examples of the predicted weather, with the actual weather as observed here:—

Predicted Weather.

August.—"Great heat on the 5th, 6th, and 8th.

"Rain soon after the 18th, to continue at intervals until the 27th."

"Rain and wind on 23rd."

September.—"Heavy rain and gales on the 9th and 10th.

"Storm periods.—More or less atmospheric disturbance on the 10th, 22nd to 26th, 28th to 30th."

October.—"1st, unsettled and windy; 2nd, rainy; 3rd windy; 4th and 5th, fine and warm; 6th, unsettled; 7th, overcast, windy; 8th to 10th, fine and warm; 11th and 12th, fair; 13th and 14th, cold rains and gales, barometer very low about the 14th; 15th and 16th, fairer; 17th, overcast, rain in places; 18th and 19th fine."

Actual Weather.

August.—Maximum temperature of the 5th, 79°; 6th, 76°; 8th, 76°.

Maximum of month, 80° on 4th. Remarkably fine and dry weather from the 18th to the 27th; a shower on the 24th only; 6 hours' rain on 28th; rainfall for the month, 0.75 inches.

23rd. Wind fresh to strong N.E.; very fine.

24th. Light to moderately fine. September.—Strong to a gale, with light showers on the 9th; 10th, wind and weather fair.

22nd. Heavy showers; 23rd, showers, light to moderate winds; 24th, 25th, and 26th, calm and fine; 27th to 30th, calm and cloudless (from 13th to 22nd rainy, and gale on 14th).

October.—1st, 2nd, 3rd, fine settled weather, fresh N.E. winds; 4th and 5th, fine and cold; maximum and minimum temperatures, 56°, 38°, 58°, 38°, wind N.E.; 6th and 7th, cloudless and calm; 8th, fine, cold, wind N.E.; max. 60°, min. 40°; 9th, overcast, wind E., cold; max. 60°, min. 43°; 10th, cloudy, wind N.E., cold; max. 57°, min. 43°; 11th and 12th, dull, wind N.W. to S.W., warm; max. and min. temperatures, 59°, 46°, 57°, 43°; 13th, very fine and warm, wind light, W.; max. 59°, min. 48°; 14th, cloudy, dead calm, warm; max. 60°, min. 52°, barometer 30.20 (sea level), high; 15th, barometer 30.22, fine; 16th, barometer 30.17, showery and windy; 17th, cloudy and stormy; 18th, wet and calm; 19th, strong gale, S.E.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Weston-super-Mare,
Oct. 19, 1864.

Your obedient servant,
W. H. Wood.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE FIRE INSURANCE OFFICES AND THE EXPLOSION AT ERITH.

THE great gunpowder explosion at Erith has given rise to a question between the Fire Insurance offices and the sufferers by the effects of the explosion. The loss immediately caused by an explosion of gunpowder to the premises which contained it, or to any other premises which have suffered by contact with the flame of the exposure, is allowed on all hands to be a "loss by fire," and so to be a loss within the terms of the policy for which the fire offices are liable. But it is contended by the fire offices that losses caused undoubtedly by the explosion, but immediately proceeding from its effects, such as the concussion of the air, are not within the meaning of the words "loss by fire," and so not at the risk of the fire offices.

On the occasion of the explosion of the *Lotty Sleigh* in the Mersey the fire offices promptly met the claims brought against them for the effects of the explosion, but the offices which did this, and very fairly took all the credit they could get for their liberality, are now acting with the other fire insurance companies, and disputing their liability for the indirect effects of the Erith explosion. In fact, if the settlement of the claims at Liverpool were really an act of liberality, and not merely the prompt settlement of an actual liability, the London offices have a perfect right to pass over the precedent, and to act on the legal construction of the contract they have entered into. Perhaps also the Liverpool offices may legally possess the same right, but if they paid for the explosion of the *Lotty Sleigh* otherwise than under a protest which would reserve the question of liability, they are morally bound to pay for the Erith explosion, having no doubt received from the public the consideration for the interpretation given to the contract in the form of greater confidence and increased business. Thus if A. B.'s house on the banks of the Mersey were damaged by the explosion on board the *Lotty Sleigh*, and the Royal and Liverpool and London Insurance Companies paid for it as coming within their contract, which they would not do if they did expressly protest against their liability, it is natural to conclude that A. B. and others, in and about London, would take their business to the Royal and Liverpool and London offices on the very ground of the construction which those offices had given to their policies. Even if those companies had expressly reserved their legal rights they would have raised a presumption in favour of their liberality on similar occasions; and, having no doubt received from the insuring public the consideration for their liberality, they would be morally bound by their own precedent.

But other offices, which would have been rather damaged than benefited by the example set by the Royal and Liverpool and London, are certainly not bound by the precedent, and are free to discuss their rights, and the meaning of the contracts they have made, independently of what was done by certain other offices on a similar occasion.

Looking at the question only from a legal point of view, we are inclined to believe that the fire offices are not legally liable, and that the courts of law, with the aid of the maxim *causa proxima non remota spectatur*, would decide the question of liability in their favour. Fire caused the explosion, the explosion caused the loss. Between the fire and the loss comes the explosion, so that the fire was remotely, not proximately, the cause of the loss. If persons wish to be insured against losses by explosion caused by fire they must see that the contract covers that further risk.

But this question may well be looked at from another point of view than the legal one, and it may be asked whether it is to the interest of the public, or to the interest of the fire offices, that the contract should be construed to embrace the remote effects of fire. There can be no doubt at all on which side lie the interests of the actual sufferers, but it may happen that the interests of the public and the companies coincide with those of the sufferers.

Now, it is for the interest of both the companies and the public that fire insurance offices should not only be solvent, but should make fair profits. Insurance against fire is a public benefit, and the conditions of solvency and fair profits are necessary for its continuance. We need say nothing in favour of solvency, but in the long run fair profits are essential to the good working of every business, for they bring capitalists into the field and insure reasonable competition. They ought also to insure liberal treatment to the class out of whom the profits are made, and a dry legal construction of the words of a contract, especially when there is abundant reason to believe that the office will not stand on technicalities, is not liberal treatment. People, however, must be just before they are generous, and if the fire offices really cannot afford to pay the losses by the explosion at Erith, they will do right to stand on the rigid construction of their contract. If they could afford to pay these losses, but could not afford to meet future similar claims, they would no doubt benefit themselves greatly by paying them, but giving notice at the same time that they would not meet any future similar ones. If such risks are to be covered for the future they must be expressed in the policy, and a commensurate premium charged for them.

Undoubtedly the public are not so well instructed as the fire offices in the legal significance of the words of a fire policy, and many even of our own readers, who may perhaps be presumed to

belong to a better educated class than the average customer of a life office, will think the legal maxim *causa proxima non remota spectatur*, on which we have based our opinion that the offices are not legally liable, to be rather technical than just. At any rate the run of customers of a fire office will hardly be able to perceive the distinction, and there can be little doubt that for the most part they paid their premiums with the conviction that they had paid the price for being insured against such losses. New offices very justly prize their character for liberality, but if they wish to enjoy this character they must pay the price of it. Now it will not be very grand or liberal to defend themselves by a rather nice legal subtlety against customers by whom they have for years past been profiting. Still we acknowledge that the offices which are not morally bound by the precedent of their own conduct in the case of the *Lotty Sleigh* will be bound to resist these claims if they are unable to pay them, and still to pocket a fair profit on their business. Admitting that fire insurance business is on the whole very profitable, we would, however, warn the fire offices of one or two dangers which they will run if they do not settle these claims satisfactorily to the public; and we are strongly inclined to think that the public will hardly be satisfied by any other settlement of these claims than the payment of them. The first danger is, that the offices may not act with absolute unanimity, but that some of them will steal a march on the others by paying these claims, and by varying the wording of their policies so as to include such cases for the future, and will thus acquire a character for liberality at the expense of the others. There is also always the danger that new competitors will cut into a profitable field of business at every opportunity, and this might well be thought an opportunity for the establishment of a new office.

The offices are, after all, the judges of their own interests, but so also are the public of their interests. We do not wish to intrude our advice on either party, but we venture to affirm that the interests of the offices and of the public are in fact one in the long run. The public, we think, will fairly require of the fire offices a liberal construction of their contracts, and will be apt to be dissatisfied with any reason for the non-payment of these claims, except the full and convincing one that they are not strictly within the contract, and that the premiums charged would not permit of their being so included.

As to the offices who paid the claims arising out of the explosion on board the *Lotty Sleigh*, they are bound to pay, having received the consideration for the extra risk in the credit they took to themselves for their conduct on that occasion.

OFFICIAL FRAUDS IN BANKRUPTCY.

IT is certain that, with all the efforts which have been made since the work of law reform was commenced to give this great commercial world of ours an efficient bankrupt law, we are as yet far from possessing one. It would seem a matter simple enough to take a bankrupt's estate and divide it amongst his creditors—the great end and aim of a bankrupt law; and, in addition, to punish those bankrupts who have traded recklessly or fraudulently. But inefficient to these ends as the existing law is admitted to be, it appears that we must add to the defects that are inherent to it, defects which cling to it from without—defects not existing in itself, but in the officers appointed to help in its administration. There seems to be a notion that bankrupts' estates are to be treated as the Cornwall wreckers once treated ships driven upon their shores—that is, to plunder them. This work it seems is going on at a fearful rate. Some time ago the Lord Chancellor found it necessary to have the books of the official assignees and messengers of the Leeds District Court of Bankruptcy scrutinized; and the result of the scrutiny was so unsatisfactory that, in May last, he issued an order directing a similar inquiry into the accounts of every official assignee and messenger in all the country districts, as well as into the manner in which the bills of costs were taxed by the registrars. Under this order inquiry has thus far been made into the accounts of the Courts at Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, and the result is that, in addition to the discovery of many very gross irregularities, it has been found that large sums of money, in the aggregate amounting to upwards of £14,000, have been improperly retained, both by the official assignees and by the messengers.

This statement may not surprise men who have had experience of the dealings of these officers under the law before Lord Westbury amended it, but it is startling to find that what now requires amendment is not so much measures as men. The sums which make up the £14,000 should have been paid to the Chief Registrar's account. The officers who have failed to perform this duty are unfit for their posts. But have they been the only sinners? Can the official assignees and messengers of London show clean hands? It is bad enough to have to deal every now and then with fraudulent bankrupts; but they are a minor evil to fraudulent officials. The Court and its officers can deal with the bankrupt, though not, perhaps, as satisfactorily as the plain laws of justice require; but, *quis custodiet custodes ipsos*? What are creditors to do if the official assignee and his messenger are as bad as the bankrupt? The *Times* thus sums up the power and opportunities of these officers:—

"The official assignee is the life and soul of the proceedings in their most important stages, and may under certain circumstances retain the whole practical control of them. It is he who immediately upon

adjudication takes possession of the estate, attends the first meeting of creditors, and gives information about assets and debts; assumes the custody of all books and documents, if the court should so order; collects and recovers all debts due to the bankrupt under £10; receives and checks the accounts of the creditors' assignee, if one should have been appointed, every three months; assists in almost every subsequent step, reappears as sole trustee after the discharge of the creditors' assignee, and where there is no creditors' assignee is the one responsible person from beginning to end. The messenger is his agent throughout, and is bound to render him an account of his own claims for fees and disbursements. The consequence is that there is scarcely any limit to the peculation of which such an officer may be guilty, under various pretexts."

In the hope of placing him beyond temptation, the last Bankruptcy Act gave him the handsome salary of £800 a-year, with certain necessary outgoings in addition. But it now seems that this ample provision has rather whetted than appeased his appetite. It is most earnestly to be hoped that the Lord Chancellor will sift this matter to the bottom.

THERE is a growing hope that the bank will be able to tide over the crisis without further raising the rate of discount. The comparative ease with which the advances lately made by the Bank of England are being repaid to it, is a favourable feature as it indicates that, while the Bank is being placed in a position to pay the dividends without sustaining any further serious draught upon its reserve, the general supply of money in commercial channels is still equal to all requirements. The steady contraction of trade, the heavy fall in the prices of cotton and other commodities, the favourable appearance of the exchanges, and the influx of gold to the Bank, tend to encourage a belief that we shall soon emerge from our present state of suspense and financial difficulty. The least re-assuring feature at the moment is perhaps the quasi-hoarding which is going on. This is promoted by the doubt which is felt with regard to the possible upshot of the present endeavours of the Bank of England executive to carry out the act of 1844 stringently, and thus, as they hope, to obviate all chance of having it suspended for the third time. It is universally recognised that the weeding out of really insolvent houses constitutes a positive advantage to commerce, which will hereafter pursue its course with all the more confidence on account of the purification which it is now undergoing. But a fear lingers among commercial men lest the vague distrust which has become disseminated should affect the position, not of rotten firms, but of such as are unquestionably solvent, though they may possibly at the moment have pushed their transactions beyond the limits warranted by their immediately available means. It has not escaped notice that several of the firms which have lately stopped payment—as, for example, Messrs. Brown, Buckley, & Co., the East India brokers, whose suspension was lately announced—are, or believe themselves to be, not merely solvent, but possessed of a "considerable surplus;" and when the pressure of the times produces such results as these, it can hardly be wondered at if the mercantile community carry their measures of precaution beyond what is actually necessary. It is satisfactory to believe that the directors of the Bank of England think that a pressure of this sort ought to be treated with indulgence instead of being met by the severe measures which would be necessary if the strain came from abroad, or in consequence of imprudent foreign commitments.

The discount market, like the stock market, is strongly acted upon at present by the doubts felt with regard to the condition of mercantile credit. Occasional failures continue to be announced from day to day, and no confidence can be felt that they are yet at an end, in face of the condition of the markets for cotton and other produce, and of the advices from some of the foreign markets. The news of the commercial disasters in Brazil has tended to increase the disposition to caution, as it is not improbable that bills drawn from this country in full confidence that they would be met on the other side, may yet have to be provided for here.

The suspension has been announced of the respectable house of Messrs. Rudge, Moreira Brothers, & Co., Brazilian merchants, owing to the stoppage of their correspondents at Rio, Messrs. Moreira Brothers & Campbell. The liabilities of the firm here represent about £100,000, and the estate is expected to show a surplus.

A meeting of the creditors of Messrs. Corpi, Braggiotti, & Co., Austinfriars, was held this week, when a statement of accounts, prepared by Messrs. Hart Brothers, and Hayles, showed liabilities to the extent of £113,512, of which £24,941 were unsecured. The total assets, including £70,000 held by creditors, were £74,476. It appears that the firm commenced in 1862 with a capital of £7,000, and their losses on the Stock Exchange in two years amounted to £7,700. A compromise of 1s. 6d. in the pound was proposed and agreed to.

A meeting was also held of the creditors of Mr. Joseph Rodney Croskey, trading as Croskey & Co., at the offices of the accountants, Messrs. Harding, Pullein, & Co., when a statement of affairs was submitted by Mr. Pullein. It was unanimously resolved to wind up the estate under inspection, the meeting expressing their confidence in Mr. Croskey, and his ability, with the assistance of the inspectors, to bring his affairs to a successful issue. The total liabilities secured and unsecured appeared to be about £295,000, of which £137,000 are expected to rank against the estate. The

known assets are estimated at £35,501, or only about 5s. in the pound, but then there is a claim against the European and American Steam Shipping Company, and with contracts, concessions, &c., is expected to realize a considerable sum, but which the accountants say it is impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy.

Messrs. Paul Joske & Co., Australian merchants, of Mark-lane, have also failed, with liabilities to the amount of about £40,000. The liquidation, it is thought, will show a favourable result. The partners have an interest in the Melbourne house of Joske Brothers, who, however, will not be affected by the present stoppage. The assets consist of stock in London and Marseilles. The books have been placed in the hands of Messrs. Kemp, Ford, & Co., the accountants.

The advices from Sydney report the failure of Messrs. Francis Giles & Co., merchants, owing to that of Messrs. Favenc, Gwynne, & Co., of London. At a meeting of the creditors of the former house, the liabilities were stated at £140,710, of which £73,000 is due to English and £67,710 to local creditors. Of the latter amount £21,926 is secured. The assets were estimated by Mr. Giles at about 124,000, and he attributed the stoppage to the large shipments made by Favenc, Gwynne, & Co. For instance, indents had been sent home for goods to the amount of £169,000, whereas the total shipped had reached £263,000. A committee was appointed to investigate the estate and report to a future meeting.

The importation into the United Kingdom of textile materials is progressing very rapidly, and every item, alpaca wool excepted, indicates a notable, if not an extraordinary, increase; of which the details are specified below:—

EIGHT MONTHS ENDED AUG. 31.			
	1863.		1864.
Cotton, raw	3,174,282	cwt.	4,670,000
Flax	785,862	cwt.	1,324,226
Hemp	530,662	cwt.	614,439
Jute	751,627	cwt.	1,521,727
Goat's wool	1,780,026	lb	1,860,664
Sheep's wool	110,788,373	lb	129,477,802
Alpaca wool	1,785,549	lb	1,498,959
Woollen rags torn up to be used as wool	13,570,032	lb	15,639,792

Of raw cotton, the quantity landed in the eight months ended 31st of August last exceeded that for the same period of 1863, by not less than 1,495,718 cwt.; of flax, the augmentation was 538,364 cwt.; of hemp, 83,777 cwt.; of jute, 770,100 cwt.; of goats' wool, 80,638 lb; and of sheep's wool there was the enormous additional amount of 18,689,429 lb. Besides the above, upwards of 15½ million pounds of woollen rags were imported for the purpose of being used as wool; and in this item an increase appears of more than 2,000,000 lb.

The Directors of the Estates Bank, Limited, offer the public a third issue of 10,000 shares of £10 each, at 10s. per share prem. This bank was established on the 1st of January, 1864 (under the designation of the Alliance National Land, Building, and Investment Company, Limited), for the purpose of developing, under the Limited Liability Act, the operations of a land and building society, combined with the more profitable business of a land mortgage bank.

THE Bank of France has raised its rate of discount to 8 per cent.

LETTERS from Paris state that an agent has arrived from Madrid, and that he is endeavouring to negotiate Spanish Treasury Bonds, on which he offers 10 per cent. per annum.

ADVICES from Vienna tend to confirm former intelligence relating to the proposed reduction of the army in Austria and Venice, it being stated that 50,000 will be the lowest number sent home.

THE consolidated debt of Austria is represented in 1864 to amount to 2,335,002,575 florins; in 1863 it was 220 florins less. The floating debt, which, in 1863, consisted of 349,820,637 florins, is, in 1864, reduced to 158,866,172 florins. The Lombardo-Venetian debt has, since 1863, been reduced by more than two million florins. The entire debt since 1863 has augmented about twenty-seven million florins. A new loan is spoken of, which will allow the subscriber to pay taxes with coupons of the loan by fifths during five years.

ADVICES from Athens represent the difference between the Ministerialists and the Opposition in the Chamber as turning on the point whether the financial question shall be discussed before the full settlement of the Constitution. The reason of the proposal for thus interrupting the Constitutional discussion is understood to be the urgency of a financial arrangement. The Constitution, however, is now nearly settled. It appears that the financial statement for the present year will show some important results from the restoration of order under King George's dynasty. In 1863, the receipts amounted to 16,538,653f., while the expenses were 21,642,850f., leaving a deficit of 5,104,197f. For the present year, however, it is calculated that the receipts will amount to 23,348,000f., while the expenditure is to be kept within 22,233,000f., thus creating a surplus of 1,115,000f., or about £45,000 sterling.

THE markets generally were kept in check on Monday by the intelligence from Rio de Janeiro, a number of failures having taken place there, including the houses of Messrs. Gomez & Co. and Messrs. Sonto, with large liabilities, which will probably affect European firms. Messrs. Sonto apparently received assistance on a former occasion from the Brazilian Government. Their liabilities are reported to amount to £4,000,000, upon which about 40 per cent. only is expected to be realized for dividends.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

RUSSIA UNDER CATHARINE II. AND PAUL.*

M. BLUM, the editor of Count Sievers' "Memoirs of Russian History," which were published a few years ago in four large volumes, has rendered a great service to a large class of readers by condensing into one volume, and moulding into the form of a continuous biography, those copious materials. As he observes in the preface to his later publication, it is not everybody's taste to read, much less to buy, such enormous works as his former; an observation which we should not be sorry to see Professor Pertz, and other learned archivists who write biographies on the mammoth scale of the latter's "Life of Stein," take to heart. M. Blum, while producing one of the most interesting, has at the same time succeeded in furnishing one of the most readable, of recent biographies, and, in consideration of his success, may be pardoned the otherwise unnecessary display of self-satisfaction with which, in his preface, he contemplates both his larger and his smaller work.

Johann Jakob von Sievers, like the majority of eminent Russian Statesmen, was of German origin. He sprang from a Holstein family which had migrated into Livonia, and whose members, after serving more than one master, had at last settled down in the Russian service. He was attached in early youth to the Russian embassy at Copenhagen, and subsequently to that in London. Amusing details are given of the straits to which he was reduced in the latter capital by his father's tardiness in forwarding him his meagre allowance. The unpopularity of everything French with the London mob of the day (1749) forced him, much against his will, to purchase a coat of English make in lieu of his French habiliments. His ambassador very rarely asking him to his table, he had to satisfy his appetite with meat-pies, for which he used to send his dog to the pastry-cook. Tickets for the play costing three shillings to the pit and five to the boxes, he could only allow himself this gratification once a week, and on other evenings contented himself at the coffee-houses with a cup of chocolate, and the seven or eight daily news-sheets. Fencing-lessons he was compelled to take, though his fencing-master, the cheapest in London, felt obliged to charge two guineas for the first month, and one for every following. But, notwithstanding the depressing influence of a scantily-furnished purse, he appears to have lived very happily in London and Kensington, and to have imbibed a strong predilection for everything English (except our politics), which clung to him, as it has to many Russians before and since, in after life. Shakespeare and Pope always remained his favourite authors, and we find him, on a subsequent occasion, ordering a whole cartload of busts and statuettes of both poets.

After a short visit to his father's—subsequently his own—seat of Bauenhoff, in Livonia, he, in the year 1755, entered the military service, for which, after the fashion of his country, he for a time exchanged the pursuit of his diplomatic career. He took part in the first campaign of the Seven Years' War, in which Russia and France first united their arms to the Austrian in an attempt to crush the irrepressible Prussian King, and was wounded in the battle of Grossjägerndorff. But his peculiar talents fitted him rather for the service he had quitted than that which he had adopted; and at the siege of Colberg we find him appearing in a character not foreign to Russian diplomatic agents of most times, but which in English is somewhat rudely called that of a spy. At the confidential request of Schuwalow, the reigning favourite of the Empress Elizabeth, Sievers undertook the task of sending home "full communications" about the generals of the Russian army, who were said to be on bad terms with one another, as well as a report of the battle of Zorndorff, of which they had sent home contradictory accounts. Of his reports a kind of diary has been preserved, which is termed an "attractive document" by M. Blum, who, however, as on other occasions, labours to show how repugnant a task of this kind was to Sievers' nature. At all events, his sense of duty so successfully overcame his natural repugnance that an Imperial order summoned him to St. Petersburg, in 1758, to supplement his letters by oral information. He afterwards returned to the seat of war as commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and performed the duties of his office with zeal and success. His health then failed him for some time; and, after a course of foreign travel (with *obligato* love-adventures, sentimental in Germany, passionate in Italy), he returned home to be pensioned off as Major-General, and to repose himself on his father's estate.

But the year 1763, big with the fate of Russia and of Europe, was to bring Sievers forward out of his retirement to a far more prominent position in the conduct of public affairs than he had hitherto occupied. It was the year in which Catharine II. tore the reins of government out of her husband's hands, and boldly mounted the throne, "to which," in the words of M. Blum, "her only titles of right were courage and a commanding intellect." This extraordinary woman will always remain one of the most difficult of History's psychical problems. Scandal against the Empress Catharine II. can scarcely ever have merited that name, as against a woman in whose vocabulary the word shame never had a place, and a history of whose public "private" life needs the touch of a Tacitus to be painted in the *chiar' oscuro* it demands. Lord Malmesbury, who was no Tacitus, has, at all events, in his *Memoirs*, left sufficient materials for a coming biographer of the new Messalina; and M. Blum has done well in passing over as

many as could be passed over of the thousand fancies of the Imperial *ἐπιρριπτα* of the grenadiers of her own Guard. On the other hand, her great qualities as a ruler were undeniable; and M. Blum endeavours to show that Sievers, who with untiring zeal and admirable boldness encouraged these, was her good, as Potemkin was her evil, genius. The character of the latter "devilish being" is drawn with great vigour, according to the suggestions of his adversary; and we are thus enabled to glance at the outline of the whole career of this, perhaps, the fiercest and most brutal despot in the list of despots' favourites of all times. M. Blum would strip him even of the bloodstained laurels of the Turkish war, and sums up his character as follows:—

"If there ever was a dried-up, selfish mind, it was that of Potemkin, and by it he was himself, as it seems, especially qualified for a consummate actor. All the inner contradictions which contemporaries remarked in him were to be finally traced to the coldest selfishness, as to their real centre. Always on the alert when his own advantage was in question, enterprising, bold, patient, and untiring, but at the same time changeable, lazy, avaricious, full of fancies, affectations, and conceits—now overbearing, so as not unfrequently to pass the barriers which every man is bound to respect in his relations with the other sex, at other times cowardly and craven, when the Empress met him sharply—he never thought of the advantage of his benefactress, but only of his own profit, only of himself. His were either the boundings of a wild beast encircling its prey, or its stretchings of satiety when the prey has been caught. His ends he almost always obtained."

It may be added that, with his barbarous love of splendour and military glory, and with the religious "experiences" of his youth, this extraordinary being, part monk, part grenadier, part Sultan, is the worst type of the worst development of the Tartar-Russian. In his youth he had declared he would die either a monk or an archbishop, and he lived to see Frederick the Great of Prussia dangle the ducal crown of Courland before his eyes, which at one time had eagerly glanced towards the Imperial throne itself, the one thing which the infatuated Empress had self-command enough left to refuse to share with him.

Sievers was in every respect his antitype. He was one of the few who know how to acquire the confidence of their Sovereign, and to retain it almost to the end, in spite, and not by means, of intrigue—by public virtues instead of by private vices. His devotion to her was unbounded, either by external difficulties or internal scruples, and he brought to her service an administrative capacity truly German in its intensity and many-sidedness. As Governor of the province of Novgorod (to which he was appointed in 1764), he may be said to have inaugurated a new era in Russian provincial administration, which seemed likely to become permanent by the so-called constitution of Governors-General (*Statthalterverfassung*), of which he claimed to have been the sole originator. Whether its principle of centralization will prove the basis of the new constitution with which the present Russian Emperor is said to intend to bless his liberated peoples, remains to be seen. The chief obstacle in its way has always consisted in the disinclination of the Russians, like other Slavonic nations, towards town-settlements. Sievers, a thorough German, fully understood the necessity for them, and founded towns by the score—of course, with varying success. Such, however, could not have attended his political operations but for the persistent zeal with which he devoted himself to the opening of Russia's internal means of communication. To his energy, and to the skill of Gebhard, Russia owes the origination of most of her canals. He also took great pains to prevent the waste of one of her chief national resources—wood—and to encourage the production of another, of which the Empress had removed the pernicious monopoly, salt. Throughout his unceasing labours, it was Sievers' habit to keep up a constant familiar correspondence with the Empress, to whose active mind no sort of business was unwelcome, but who, as the following *spirituel* note proves, was at times glad to be able to shift the responsibility of decisions to the heavily-burdened shoulders of her trusty lieutenant:—

"Sincere Confession."

"Your Honour! This chapter, far the hardest of all, worries me not a little. Perhaps you think I am slightly wool-gathering; 'tis a rumination without end, very dry, very tedious, and, faith! my Latin is running out. Since all the same I am at a loss what to do and how to arrange, &c., &c., a word on the subject from your Excellency would be a stroke of lightning, from which the light would issue forth, and out of the depth of the chaos everything would fit into its right place, as at the creation of the world."

No wonder that in reply to such gracious letters his communications to the Empress grew less and less reserved, and soon touched upon other matters than canals and law-courts. No wonder, further, that the haughty insolence of Potemkin could brook no such interference with the spell which first his brawny person, and afterwards his superhuman impudence, exerted over Catharine. Sievers fell. In his solitude at Bauenhoff, he heard of the favourite's own death under the tree at Jassy, an event which took place too late to allow the Empress to recover her better self, but early enough to bring Sievers back into her service.

It would have been well for his fair fame had he never re-entered it; for he was to become the main instrument in the perpetration of the deed which has attached the curse of generations to Catharine's reign—the second partition of Poland. To this unhappy and distracted country, Sievers was, in 1791, appointed Imperial Ambassador. His biographer is anxious to save as much as possible

* Graf Jakob Johann von Sievers und Russland zu dessen Zeit. Von Carl Ludwig Blum. Leipzig und Heidelberg.

of his hero's good fame; but the effort is vain, and had better have been spared. Of what avail is it to assure the reader that Sievers "disliked the business from the first," and to state that he subsequently assured his daughters that, when he went to Poland, he knew nothing *officially* about the partition? The very reservation implied by the adverb condemns him, and from M. Blum's own narrative it becomes pretty clear that Sievers was chosen, as "honourable" men often are, because there is no one so suitable for doing a dirty deed as he who is popularly supposed to have clean hands. Many curious details as to the methods adopted to procure the assent of the Polish Reichstag to the fatal Declaration of 1793 will be found in this volume. Sievers was instructed to bribe in all quarters; where bribery was of no avail, to employ intimidation, and, as a last resource, force. "Kerndeutsche natur," as M. Blum avers that of his hero to have been, he worked at his foul mission with a slave's readiness. He asks for 1,000 ducats per mouth, and again for 500, "to satisfy daily a score of hungry mouths;" on another occasion he writes that "all Lithuania will only cost 200 ducats per deputy. In Poland, 40 would be his for 20,000 ducats, and what remained of Poland would not come to much. After the *Landtage* had been held, detailed accounts should show what each had cost." In the memorandum which he subsequently drew up for the information of his successor, he gives the price of all the "patriotic," i.e., pro-Russian, Poles. On the other hand, intimidation was resorted to as unscrupulously as corruption. "Yesterday I sent a courier to M. de Kreczetnikow, to have his lands in our circle sequestered. I shall see whether his patriotism will hold out against this medicine." Counts Rzewuski and Walewski, and all "who should venture to protest against the Declaration," are threatened with a similar punishment; and even the poor, helpless King fares no better at the hands of his old personal friend. "The King has betrayed me. He cabals against me at the Reichstag; he even ventures upon an open game. I did not hesitate a moment. I sequestered all his revenues." Yet all these measures could not bring the Reichstag to nominate a committee to confer with the Ambassador on the subject of the Declaration till he had thrown a dozen deputies into prison, and threatened to treat any other refractory member in the same manner. Even then the committee would not agree to the second article of the treaty proposed by Sievers, which sanctioned the transfer of all the Polish territory occupied by Russia into her hands. He was obliged to threaten the members of the Reichstag with the assurance that further refusal on their part would be looked upon by the Empress as a *casus belli*; and at last the committee was empowered by the Assembly to sign the death-warrant of Poland. The second part of the Ambassador's task was to bring about the signature of the corresponding treaty between Poland and Prussia; and, with all his scruples, he proved himself equal to it, though the Poles, true to their indelible aversion from the Germans, manifested greater reluctance against complying with their demands even than with those of Russia. Sievers swore that the King should not stir from the throne, and that the senators should sleep on straw in the Assembly-hall till they gave way. They withstood till the clock struck 3 A.M. Then, just as soldiers were being called in, Count Ankwitz, deputy of Cracow, sold to Russia, exclaimed that silence gave consent. Acting on this hint, Count Bielinski, the President of the Reichstag, also in Russian pay, asked thrice in one breath whether the Reichstag empowered the committee to sign the Prussian treaty. Deep silence ensuing, he ordered the full consent of the Estates to be entered in the protocol, and the tragic farce was played out. Thus Sievers and his helpers had accomplished their accursed work, which was supplemented by the "treaty of alliance" between Russia and Poland, for which Sievers piously "thanked God," declaring it incomparable (*einsig*), and "without its equal in modern history—perhaps in ancient." The treaty, which the Carthaginian Ambassadors were nearly torn to pieces by their fellow-citizens for signing with the Roman consuls, in order to avert the siege of the city, seems to have escaped the Ambassador's memory. His breast was decorated with the Wladimir of the first class; and in his enthusiasm he was beginning to regret that the Empress had not made short work of it, and annexed the whole of Poland on her own account, when he was suddenly recalled in disgrace. The nominal reason was his permission (or disregard) of the re-establishment of a Polish order of revolutionary origin; the real, the jealousy of Catharine's new favourite, Subow. M. Blum's "breath fails him" in perusing the "revolting document of human arrogance" by which the Empress, instigated by the "pack" of Sievers' enemies, conveyed to him at once a reprimand and his dismissal. For ourselves, we cannot restrain a feeling of satisfaction at Sievers' reward for his shameful participation in an act of unexampled perfidy. In his retirement, whence he continued to correspond with the Empress, he heard with gloomy wrath of the measures of his successor, General Igelström, one of those military Governors of whom poor Poland has since seen so many, who ended by provoking the outbreak at Warsaw of April, 1794.

The death of Catharine II., and the accession of Paul, brought Sievers forward once more; and he served his new master as Director of the Canals, and the Empress Marie as a kind of Minister of Education. We have no space left to dwell on his active services in either capacity, which entitle him to the lasting gratitude of Russia. The Emperor Paul—over whose fanciful mind the grandeur of the new canals, which he visited personally, seems to have confirmed Sievers' hold—loaded him with orders and other honours (some of which were characteristically only promised, without being ever actually bestowed), and finally created him a Count of the Empire. Sievers, however, lived to experience once

more the uncertainty of Imperial favours. And, of all Emperors, Paul, a sort of mere imbecile Caligula, was the most whimsical and the least stable. "When it struck his fancy, he would box the ears of eminent persons in public, and expect them to go on as if nothing had happened." Sievers' grey hairs spared him anything worse than a moral *soufflet*, administered in the shape of a public reprimand for a supposed official blunder in an appointment. The insult, however, was too much for the old man, who finally retired from active service in 1800, "the very year in which Russia's most famous General, Suwarow, terminated his career in a retirement ill corresponding with the splendour of his achievements." Sievers survived the Emperor Paul, and hailed the hopeful accession of the honey-tongued Alexander with a more than loyal enthusiasm. He died in 1808, the year after the Peace of Tilsit, to which he had lived to see the Russia of Catharine II. sink. His life is that of a faithful servant, untiring through a life of unexampled labours in his Sovereigns' and country's interest; but not, as his biographer would have it, that of "a great man in every sense of the word." If he bore a noble share in the establishment of Russia's greatness, he was also the chief instrument in the perpetration of her greatest national crime. Individuals are not to be visited with the guilt of nations; but the responsibility incurred by the workers of evil deeds, whether as principals or as agents, is not removed even by a life of devoted loyal and patriotic toil.

THE PLURALITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.*

THIS is the third of a series of translations issued under the auspices of the Anthropological Society of London, for distribution among its members. It is but natural to expect that a work appearing under such circumstances should not only be valuable in itself, but should also be reproduced in a manner creditable to all concerned. The work selected on this occasion is, indeed, highly interesting, intrinsically speaking; but we regret to say that, in passing through the translator's hands, its interest has all but wholly evaporated, while its substantial value has been greatly lowered. In the French, elegant, lucid, even brilliant in style, it comes to us, in English, poor, spiritless, lumbering, painfully obscure, often wholly unintelligible. Rarely, indeed, have we seen such sad havoc made in a scientific work; never, we believe, under circumstances in any way parallel. It is not a case of carelessness; on the contrary, the translator appears, throughout, anxious to do justice to his task; but he makes it plain, in every page, that neither his knowledge of the language, nor his literary instinct or training, is adequate to the occasion. We might open the work at any point, and amply justify these statements, by simply putting the two texts in juxtaposition; we shall not then be accused of unfairness if we take it at the very first page, and make a few comments on one or two paragraphs in the introductory chapter. Here, if anywhere, a translator may be presumed to have done his best, and assuredly we might easily have selected far more damaging passages. These, however, will sufficiently illustrate our meaning, with the advantage of doing so within moderate compass. The work opens thus:—

"Longtemps, dans les âges modernes, les sciences n'ont été pour tous, à peu près, que ce qu'elles étaient encore pour Servet, une simple paraphrase ou glose des textes révélés. Dans ceux-ci était la vérité, et si l'observation semblait parfait contradictoire, c'est qu'on devait se tromper; il fallait examiner de nouveau la question en litige, et, à force de retourner les faits, on les altérait si bien qu'ils finissaient toujours par concorder."

The passage is thus given in the translation:—

"For a long period, in mediæval days, science was to most people what it was to Servetus, a simple paraphrase or glossary of a revealed text. In this was the truth, and if observation itself seemed sometimes contradictory, it was certain that there was some mistake; it was necessary to re-examine the contested question, and by dint of inquiring into the facts, they were altered so wisely, that in the end they were always found to agree."

This paragraph will give an idea of the minor inaccuracies in which the translation everywhere abounds. Thus, "mediæval" for *modernes*; "most" for *tous*; *à peu près* omitted; "itself" superfluous and bad; *retourner* rendered by "inquiring into," where the meaning is "twisting and turning" the facts; and, finally, *si bien* translated "so wisely" instead of "so effectually."

In the next paragraph, the translator mistakes the bearing of the phrase *la science est encore là*, meaning that at present, all over the East, the state of knowledge is just what it was, everywhere, in the days of Servetus. Here, the English tells us that, all over the East, "science still *lives*," just the reverse of what M. Pauchet means, as well as of the actual fact.

In the succeeding paragraph, matters become still more serious. Speaking of the effect produced on the East by the introduction of the doctrines of Aristotle and the neo-Platonists, we are told that—

"The East was inspired for an instant with these foreign doctrines, which it would have been incapable of originating itself. It revived for a century or two under their influence, but soon everything reverted to a former state of order; *having shone in the barbarism of*

* The Plurality of the Human Race. By Georges Pauchet, Doctor of Medicine, &c. &c. Translated and Edited (from the Second Edition) by Hugh J. Beavan, F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L., &c. London: Longmans.

a pure Theism, whence it would never have come out without the contact of a world extrinsic and superior to certain considerations, without the momentary education which it had thus received from it."

It would be impossible, we feel sure, for any ingenuity to extract a consistent meaning out of the passage which we have here italicised. The translator has mistaken *lui* the personal pronoun for *lui* the verb, and instead of telling us that "it," the East, relapsed into barbarism, he is forced to give us this tissue of unmeaning sounds. He has also quite mistaken the import of the familiar phrase *à certains égards*.

The succeeding paragraph is scarcely more intelligible, while it is far more clumsy in phraseology than anything which has preceded; and yet the original is perfectly unambiguous. Thus matters go on, paragraph after paragraph, and, with slight exceptions, from beginning to end.

After this, we need hardly say that the editing of the work adds nothing to its value; indeed, it would be difficult to see on what reasonable grounds the assumption of the title "editor" can at all be justified. There are no errors corrected, no obscurities cleared up, no omissions supplied, no information added. We simply learn, in the first place, that the editor is very anxious to disclaim all connection with the opinions of the author, whom he here and there takes to task with scant or no courtesy, and very much *de haut en bas*; and, in the second place, that certain official members of the Anthropological Society think so and so on certain grave questions of science, respecting which the rest of the world will probably be disposed to seek for other authority. Beyond the desire of paying a compliment to his friends, and recording his own dissent, it is difficult to see any object in these needless and valueless notes; while the tone assumed towards one so greatly and obviously superior in cast of mind and knowledge of his subject, is truly absurd. Really, if the Anthropological Society is not to become a by-word, it must put a speedy stop to some of the follies that are enacted in its name. It cannot afford to repeat a blunder so gross as the present, and it has no right, through the negligence or incompetence of its officials, to stultify the important labours of continental science, and make English science ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the world.

The work of M. Pauchet is very brief, and yet it is full of interest, and, in the course of some couple of hundred pages, 12mo. (158 pp., 8vo., in English), discusses all the more prominent and exciting topics in the physical history of man, bringing to bear upon them much curious information, and throwing over all the charm of a most pleasant and vigorous style. But it must be read in the original if this latter quality is to be at all apparent. In no case, of course, is the treatment exhaustive, nor is the character of the argument, in any of the main issues, such as will carry conviction to the minds of those not predisposed to side with the author; nevertheless M. Pauchet is a powerful and judicious advocate, if, indeed, such a term be permissible in the case of a writer whose sole aim is obviously the discovery of truth.

In the nine chapters of which the work consists, the following subjects are successively discussed, a chapter being devoted to each:—The Human Kingdom; Comparative Psychology; the Order Bimana; Anatomical, Pathological, and Physiological Varieties; the Influence of Climate; the Influence of Hybridity; Species; and lastly, System. The attention bestowed on the first of these topics is significant of the tendency of modern thought in reference to this important subject. Scientific men seem gradually awakening to a consciousness of the incongruity of the position assigned to man in our systems of classification. Ehrenberg in Germany, and, in France, M. Serres, Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, and more recently M. de Quatrefages, have insisted on the necessity of removing him, not only out of the class mammalia, but out of the animal kingdom altogether, and constituting him a kingdom in himself, under the name of the *Human Kingdom*, viewing this group as parallel in divisional rank to the other three kingdoms of nature. In our own country, Professor Owen has long felt the necessity of widening the existing line of demarcation between man and the inferior animals, and has therefore proposed an arrangement in which the mammalia are divided into four sub-classes, the highest of them being assigned to man; and subsequently an arrangement virtually the same, though not based on precisely the same considerations, has been advocated in America by Professor J. D. Dana. It is not difficult to see that grave objections may be urged against these several novelties, but it is equally certain that they owe their origin to the grave objections which justly attach to the received system; for it cannot be denied that the class mammalia, while we leave man in it, seems very incongruous, and as little conformable to the essential spirit of scientific arrangement as to the analogies furnished by the various other groups of the animate world.

M. Pauchet refuses to accept the Human Kingdom; he even objects to the order Bimana, and contends, like Professor Huxley and many other modern anatomists, that there is an insensible gradation from the highest beast up to the highest man. The argument on these points is of the well-known kind, and may be looked upon as the most vulnerable and least satisfactory of the whole book. It plays upon the surface, but nowhere reaches the great depths of the subject. It is weak, even from the anatomical point of view; altogether so from the psychological. M. Pauchet makes as much of it as any one else, but no one can convert an error into a truth. Because, for instance, the human thumb is less opposable, and the great toe more so, in some of the inferior races of man than in the higher races, M. Pauchet, following in the footsteps of

the elder Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, sees here evidence of transition from the quadrumana; and because the psychological differences between man and the inferior animals are assumed to be matters of degree, not of kind, there is no ground, we are told, for any wide separation between them and man. This latter argument is unsound both in premises and conclusion, for a difference in degree may not only be an important element in classification, but, in certain circumstances, one fully as important as difference in kind.

In the succeeding chapters M. Pauchet is more fortunate; he brings a variety of evidences to bear on the theory of distinct races, and makes many ingenious remarks relative to the best mode of investigating the subject. He also very properly distinguishes between diversity of race and diversity of origin, for the former does not, by any means, necessarily imply the latter. He is, however, emphatically opposed to the theory of distinct creations, in the miraculous sense of the term, or, indeed, of any creation in that sense. The problem with him is one of development—whether from one or from many sources, he regards, for the moment, as immaterial. But his mode of development is neither that of Mr. Darwin, nor that of Lamarck; he objects, in part, to both systems, and looks for modifications in type, to changes in what the French term the "medium," *le milieu*—the "external circumstances" of English writers. To all reasonings of this kind there is one fatal objection. This medium, these external circumstances, this exercise and habit of Lamarck, and this "natural selection" of Darwin, all imply unregulated forces, virtual accident; and yet the results of such accident are to be elaborately systematised regularities! The cause is to be chaos, the effect a divine order! This, assuredly, is gathering "grapes from thorns and figs from thistles."

These discussions finally lead M. Pauchet to the great battleground of spontaneous generation, of which theory he is one of the champions. By all means let us have spontaneous generation, if it can really be proved that facts or principles require it; but this, assuredly, never will be proved while we work out of the limits of pre-arranged plan. Let biological science show us a sequence of beings rising spontaneously from a primary mundane *blastema*, or otherwise, at predetermined times and places, in obedience to predetermined cosmic laws, thus giving us *mind*, instead of chance, as the cause of order—let this be done, and the outside world, we doubt not, will soon learn to listen to science with respectful attention. But, until this can be done, it is vain to expect that the general sense of mankind will ever be satisfied with a philosophy which so plainly contradicts every instinct of its reason, and every fact of its experience.

Nevertheless, much as we differ from M. Pauchet on this and many other points, we must honour the combined frankness, independence, and moderation with which he maintains his own views, and the fair and liberal spirit in which he discusses those of others; and we sincerely regret that he has to appear before an English public in a disguise so unworthy of his taste and talent.

THE LATE DR. RAFFLES.*

FAMILY biographers are sometimes very injudicious. They are so apt to think—and naturally and even amiably to think—that what is interesting to them must be equally so to the whole world, that they crowd their pages with details which often crush and nearly obliterate whatever matter of value may really be contained in their reminiscences. It is a touching and a beautiful thing to see a son doing his best to commemorate the name and actions of his father, and we do not deny that this has sometimes been done with as much judgment as good feeling; but it often occurs that an indiscriminate mass of letters, diaries, recollections, and other elements of biography, is heaped up, to the reader's confusion, and to the destruction of any chance of perpetuity on the part of the book so produced. We cannot but rank Mr. Raffles's account of his father in the latter category. Here are 534 octavo pages, a very large portion of which—perhaps the largest—is printed in small type; and when we come to examine them, we do not see why they should not have been reduced by half. Dr. Raffles was a very excellent man and a worthy preacher; he lived a long life, and constantly occupied his time in doing good according to the principles which he had adopted; but his career was not eventful, his character was not remarkable, his abilities were not conspicuous. He was possessed of good average powers, of a sincere nature, and of deep religious convictions; and he did the work that was set down for him honestly and well. But he was scarcely in himself a person of mark, and the events of his life were not of that importance which raises even a commonplace man above the level of every-day existence. His son and biographer is, indeed, aware that much of what he has written or compiled is likely to prove acceptable only in a very contracted circle. "I do not publish the book," he says, "with any exaggerated estimate in my own mind of its intrinsic interest to the public at large, for, to a great extent, its details mainly concern those with whom he [Dr. Raffles] was associated in the work of his life, and the religious community with which he was more especially identified." What may be the judgment of the friends and fellow-religionists of Dr. Raffles on this record of his life, we are, of course, unable to say; but, judging from the point of view of the outside world, we must needs

* *Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., LL.D., &c.* By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq., B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Stipendiary Magistrate for the Borough of Liverpool. London: Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

regret that the writer has not taken the pains to concentrate his materials within a more readable compass. These are not days in which we can afford to be diffuse. Readers turn aside from a work of formidable dimensions when the subject is not of sufficient importance or attractiveness to reward the labour of travelling over so extended a territory.

Dr. Raffles came of a Yorkshire family, and was a cousin of the famous Sir Stamford Raffles. He was born in Princes-street, Spitalfields, on the 17th of May, 1788, and was the son of a solicitor. His mother, being a Wesleyan Methodist, used frequently to take the boy to chapel with her; and he thus became impressed in early life with religious predilections and with a strong inclination to joining the ministry. When twelve years old, he was sent to a boarding-school at Peckham conducted by a Baptist clergyman. His original tendencies were here confirmed; and though, for a short time, he served as a junior clerk in Doctors' Commons, he very speedily returned to the school at Peckham, "not merely as a schoolboy," as one of his religious friends wrote to him, "but as a candidate for the Christian ministry." He was not much more than fifteen when this occurred; but he had already acquired that disagreeable habit of lecturing people, whenever the smallest opportunity offers, which is a strong and a very objectionable characteristic of most Dissenting sects. On his return to the Baptist seminary, he wrote a letter to his parents, which is a strange combination of Della Cruscan sentimentalism with Methodist "seriousness." He begins by saying that, when he parted from his father and mother in the Old Kent-road, he "felt a secret pang," which whispered to him that he was parting "from all that on earth was endearing." Still, he was determined to "act the man," although he could not banish the thoughts of his dear parents and his dear sister. "*Tears unbidden fell down my cheeks, and for some minutes I was absorbed in sorrow.* You say, perhaps, 'foolish boy!' Ah! say not so; a heart which does, and I trust ever will, feel unbounded affection for you could not part from those so dear to him as you are without a sigh, and the recollection of an absent father, mother, and sister, must cause emotions in the bosom of a dutiful and affectionate son." That is your true "Rosa Matilda" style. Of course every boy in going back to boarding-school feels out of spirits, and sheds a few tears in secret; but the vicious literary style and besetting affectation of that time would not allow any emotion to express itself simply and naturally, or not to express itself at all, but must dress it up in pretty little phrases, the very insincerity of which seems to have been their chief recommendation. Fancy a lad of between fifteen and sixteen in these days pouring himself out after such a fashion on such an occasion! "*Tears unbidden*" fell down his cheeks; as if it was the ordinary custom to summon tears at will. He was "absorbed in sorrow" at going back to school. "Ah! say not so"—"cause emotions in the bosom," &c.—these and the like phrases are the kind of utterances which our grandfathers thought charming, but which we have happily outgrown. If it be said that the letter was a boy's letter, and that the writing should therefore not be criticized too closely, we answer that that is the very reason why we have criticized it at all. It is always painful to see so much self-consciousness in youth; but self-consciousness was one of the vices of the time, and it was increased by young Raffles's training as a Dissenting minister—a training which has a special aptitude for developing a morbid habit of spiritual egotism. In this same letter, the boy, having sufficiently attitudinized in the character of an affectionate and dutiful son, heart-broken at leaving Spitalfields for Peckham, proceeds to patronize his parents on religious grounds. "I was determined to forget sorrow, and supply its place by prayers to the Almighty Disposer of all events for you. Oh! may He ever watch over you for good! May He grant you strength in every trying hour, and bring you at length safe to the haven of eternal rest!" We have not the smallest doubt that young Raffles, in writing these sentences, had none but the most sincere and pious intentions, and that he thoroughly believed he was doing what became him as a son; yet it is not pleasant to find a boy writing to his parents after a fashion which seems to imply a certain sense of superiority. It was nothing more than the result of an erroneous school; but as such we could not pass it over without a word of comment. The Church of England has undoubtedly the credit of not encouraging this habit of mind. In the boy Raffles it seems to have been inveterate, and, as we have said, was strangely blended with the perfumed prettinesses of the Della Cruscan school. He had a young friend of the name of Slate, whom he was in the habit of exhorting through the post, with copious effusion of words, and by whom, no doubt, he was in turn exhorted. He writes to him on the 8th of October, 1803, from what he calls "the peaceful shades of Peckham," to which, "tired of the busy scenes of business" (he had been a few months at Doctors' Commons, and was therefore of course entitled to assume the air of a man worn out by years of battling with the world), he had "retired," in order that he might "obtain an introduction to the several branches of literature" necessary to his contemplated "exalted station" of an Independent pastor. After reading a few pages of this description, we are quite prepared for the information that, "early in his career," young Raffles "had begun to cultivate the Muses." That is a species of botany to which "the peaceful shades of Peckham" would be sure to incline a youth who makes so much capital out of his schoolboy tears. And it is equally a matter of course that he should be great in odes; though when we hear that he wrote an "Ode to Contentment," which was "delivered at the annual recitations at Peckham Academy, 1804," and afterwards "printed by request," we confess to being a little sur-

prised that it was not rather an "Ode to Weeping" or "to Melancholy." Dr. Raffles was fond of poetry throughout his life, and at times amused himself by writing verses, of which, judging from the specimens here given, we need only say that they were just what might be anticipated from such antecedents. Cowper was his great favourite, and subsequently Scott, Byron, Pollok, and James Montgomery, shared his regards; "but," says his son, with a strange confusion of two distinct periods, "he was ever somewhat intolerant of the modern school of Wordsworth and Tennyson."

It should be stated to the credit of Dr. Raffles that the sentimentalism and over-wrought seriousness of his boyhood he to a great extent outgrew as he got older. His education at the Dissenting College at Homerton, though not profound (indeed, he often regretted that his acquirements were so slight), was sufficiently good to enlarge and strengthen his mind. Many of his letters written in manhood are thoroughly genial, unaffected, and pleasant. He seems to have been a kindly-natured, cheerful man, fond of literature, of society, of antiquarianism, of travelling, and of "sight-seeing," yet always laboriously performing his duty throughout his fifty years' pastorate at Great George-street Chapel, Liverpool, notwithstanding frequent ill-health. Writing to his wife in 1827, he gives a very agreeable account of a visit he paid to Olney, the place of residence of his beloved poet Cowper:—

"I am quite full of Cowper, and can think and write of nothing else, having just returned from exploring scenes which his genius has immortalized. I arrived here about two o'clock, and took up my quarters at the inn in the market-place, just opposite the house in which he lived for nearly twenty years. The house is one of considerable antiquity, built of red brick, and is now most gloomy and deplorable in its appearance, being inhabited only in part, and that by people who are kept close prisoners, being fearful of opening the doors lest the bailiffs should enter in—a very different state of things to that which it presented when the author of 'The Task' was its tenant, and Lady Austin was his guest. Things being as I have stated, I find it impossible to gain admittance to the interior of the said mansion, so must content myself with gazing on the outer walls, while imagination pictures to herself the scenes once exhibited within. And oh! who that has any spark of genius or of piety, can look upon that building, ugly and disfigured and gloomy as it is, without the deepest emotion, when he reflects that, beneath its roof, a poem was conceived and executed which will be the pride and glory of our country, so long as England has a name and a place among the civilized and polished nations of the earth! . . . After dinner, I set off, book in hand, for Weston Underwood, a very small village, about a mile and a half from Olney. I did not take the carriage-road to it, but went, as the guide recommended, by the fields, visiting in the way 'the eminence,' and other spots alluded to and described in the poems. By this circuitous route, I reached the hall, a very old mansion, long the residence of the Throckmorton family; the walks, the shrubberies, the gardens, the groves, of which are so amply delineated in the works of Cowper. The last possessor, Sir George Throckmorton, has recently died, and the present owner, to whom the title does not descend, is suffering the house to go to decay. Indeed, it is a miserable old place, very disadvantageously situated, and not worth preserving. As Cowper, however, had spent many hours, and perhaps some of the few happy ones he was permitted to enjoy, within the walls of that now forlorn and deserted mansion, I was determined, if possible, to see the interior, and my wish was gratified, one of the female servants showing me through the principal apartments. But they had nothing about them to recommend them, only—and that was enough to endear them to me—they had witnessed the social hours of Cowper, and the genius of the poet seemed to linger amid their silence and solitude. Leaving the house, I sought the gardener, who introduced me to the garden and the wilderness. He had been only eight years at Weston, and knew nothing of Cowper personally. I found him, however, civil and intelligent. Amongst other things, he pointed out to me a shrub—the *lignum vite*—which the poet had planted with his own hand more than thirty years ago. While sauntering through the grounds, the idea occurred to me that you would be gratified, as well as I, with some plant from Weston, to enrich, and, as it were, to consecrate our humble shrubbery at Edge Hill. I communicated my desire to the gardener, which he immediately proceeded to gratify, and in pursuance of which he has packed up for me three China rose plants, which I shall send by the coach, and which, as soon as they arrive, you must cause to be put into the ground."

Dr. Raffles visited many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and travelled a good deal on the continent and in the East. His letters from the various places of his sojourn are among the best things in the present volume, and may be read with satisfaction even by those who do not belong to the writer's especial following. Increasing infirmities obliged him to resign his pastorate in April, 1862, and on August 18th, 1863, he expired of dropsy and disease of the heart, at the age of seventy-five. We can well understand the affectionate veneration in which his memory is held by those who knew him, and we have no doubt that to them this account of his life will be welcome, despite the faults that we have pointed out.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.*

IN real life, few women have less to do with romance than doctors' wives; but in the world of fiction a wondrous change comes over their characters and their careers. Commonplace and content fall away from them; their little pleasures and their petty pains touch them no more; and, leaving the region of ordinary

* The Doctor's Wife. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. London: Maxwell.

cares and humdrum hopes, they pass into the realm of mighty sorrows and sublime aspirations, or of degrading desires. When a professor marries in a novel, he usually chooses a simple-minded woman who knows nothing of philosophy, and who is utterly incapable of appreciating the grandeur of her husband's speculations; but the village doctor of romance is too often unhappy enough to select as his companion in life a sentimental school-girl with a soul above drugs, or a selfish ambitious woman, capable of braying her spouse in his own mortar, if the operation could in any way further the gratification of her wishes. The husband generally contrasts very favourably with the wife. He is good, and honest, and true, devoted to his practice and his domestic duties; so that she has no excuse for breaking his heart.

Madame Bovary, the lady whose name forms the title of Flaubert's unpleasant book on this subject—a work from which Miss Braddon probably borrowed the idea of "The Doctor's Wife"—has no fault to find with her husband beyond the fact that he is poor, and somewhat coarse, and is given to snoring, and that he carries a clasp-knife in his pocket, and in many other respects is little better than a peasant. She feels a longing for fine clothes and elegant accomplishments, and she surrenders herself to the first well-dressed man who takes the trouble to attack her. From him she transfers her affections to another lover, and leads an utterly dissolute life, terminating it at last by a dose of arsenic, when she finds herself overwhelmed by debt. As to her husband, he pines away and dies, true to her memory even after he has discovered how false she had been to him. Far more interesting is the character of the heroine of a story by Soltykoff, a Russian writer, which has been translated into French by Xavier Marmier under the title of "La Pharmacienne." The wife of an apothecary residing in a dreary little town in Russia, she leads a dull, colourless life, married to a man whom she respects and esteems, but whom she does not love, surrounded by people with whom she has no sympathy, and engaged in occupations in which she takes little interest. One day a young noble comes by chance to the town, and recognises in her a girl to whom he had paid great attention in his college days, and in her husband an old and intimate friend. He renews his acquaintance with her, and after awhile she becomes aware that her peace of mind is endangered by his presence. She had admired him in olden times, and now he seems even more attractive than before, compared with the dreary inanities among whom her days are spent. But, though her thoughts may stray at times from her husband, she is none the less true to him on that account, and after a brief struggle she discloses her trouble to him. He goes to the baron, and, telling him the whole truth, beseeches him to leave the town. The baron behaves like an honourable man, and goes away at once. Years elapse before he returns, and in the interval he hears no news of the apothecary and his wife. But chance brings him at last once more to the little town, and then he learns how, soon after his departure, she had fallen into a decline, and faded away, and died. It is a simple story, but one of which it is a relief to think, after contaminating one's mind with the "scrofulous French novel" from which Miss Braddon's present work appears to have derived several of its incidents.

Isabel Sleaford, the heroine of "The Doctor's Wife," is a romantic girl, whose mind has fed on novels to such an extent that she has become incapable of admiring ordinary merits, or adapting herself to commonplace circumstances. Brought up in a cheerless home, and enjoying little social intercourse beyond that which a cross stepmother and several unpleasant brothers could offer, she consoles herself by reading romances, and takes refuge in the paradise of sensational fiction from the discomforts of the outer world of reality. She peoples the dingy suburban residence in which she dwells with the noblest heroes and heroines, and places herself in imagination in the most romantic positions. For her, she hopes, some chivalrous being is waiting, the embodiment of the dreams to which the perusal of her favourite works has given rise, a lover of noble form and aristocratic features, well born and wealthy, possessed of a poetic genius, and devoured by some secret grief. No mere vulgar desires for rank and affluence shape her visions. She has a genuine admiration of what is beautiful, and an innate appreciation of grace and refinement; and the petty discomforts which poverty entails do not so much wound her vanity as jar upon the chords of her artistic temperament. Endowed with a vast capacity of enjoyment, she is also keenly alive to suffering, and little troubles bitterly vex and wound her, such as would scarcely make themselves felt by persons of a more sturdy organization. Much might have been made of her if she had been trained aright, and supplied with mental food of invigorating quality; but unfortunately the novels which have formed the staple of her consumption have lowered the tone of her mind and weakened its healthy action. She has grown so accustomed to her ideal world that the light of every-day life seems cold and dull to her, and she has so long worshipped melancholy and majestic Laras and Corsairs that she has become incapable of appreciating the tame virtues of an ordinary husband. Such is the fair sentimentalist whom George Gilbert, the thoroughly unromantic doctor of Graybridge, sees fit to fall in love with. She is poor, and obliged to gain her living as a governess. There is little for her to look forward to in life, and she is not likely to meet with a better offer than the doctor now makes her. He is tolerably well off, and is good-looking and possessed of all the domestic virtues. So she marries him, and goes away to his unpretending home, liking him well enough, and looking forward to a moderately pleasant existence. He is not the sort of husband she had dreamt of in

former years, but she tries to forget the flattering visions of the past, and fully intends to make him an exemplary wife. Unfortunately for him and for her, she makes acquaintance with just such a noble creature as her fancy had been accustomed to paint. Roland Lansdell is a rich aristocrat, his appearance is heroic in the extreme, his mind is eminently poetic, and his existence is a romance in itself. She recognises in him the realization of her fondest dreams, and in his society she finds a new life awakening for her. His conversation seems beyond all music, his habitation is a paradise of dainty devices, his presence becomes almost a necessity for her. And yet she has no idea of injuring her husband; it never occurs to her that there is any harm in her admiring Roland Lansdell, and all that she desires is that she may be allowed to gaze at and listen to that god of her idolatry. Madame Bovary would have flung herself into Roland's arms without hesitation, but Isabel never thinks of doing more than worshipping him as a being of a superior race. Meanwhile, neighbours begin to talk, and Roland, who has in the interval become very fond of the doctor's wife, forms the heroic resolution of tearing himself from her. He stays away some months, during which poor Isabel suffers terribly; but at last he finds he cannot live without her, so he returns, and entreats her to elope with him. She is horrified at the proposal, and shocked beyond measure at the coarseness which her ideal hero so suddenly displays. The fairy palace she has so long been inhabiting comes crashing down around her, and life seems to be scarcely worth having when all her plans for making it happy are ruined. She rejects her lover's proposal, but she cannot banish his image from her heart. She takes refuge in religion; but no influence is able to bring her consolation, and she leads for a time a wretched, feverish existence, with nothing left her to enjoy, and apparently nothing to hope for.

It would have been well for the story if it had ended at this point; but perhaps the exigencies of novel-writing render such a conclusion impossible. So Miss Braddon kills off the doctor by fever, the poor man dying at peace with all the world, and quite unconscious that his wife had ever preferred any one else to him; and Roland Lansdell is then knocked on the head in an exceedingly melodramatic and improbable manner. Before dying, he leaves his estates, which appear to have been unentailed, to Isabel, and she becomes as good and benevolent as rich. Such a finale is sufficient to make the reader forget much of the merit of the earlier part of the story, and neutralizes the whole effect of its moral. The first two volumes in vain warn young ladies against yielding themselves to sentimentality and becoming enamoured of fascinating heroes, seeing that the third volume shows them that such conduct may result in their becoming millionaires. If Mrs. Gilbert had not allowed herself to fall in love with Roland Lansdell, she would never have become the possessor of his vast estates. It is true that her affection was purely Platonic; but for all that the doctor would have had no small ground for complaint if he had known what was going on.

But if the last part of the story deserves some blame, its earlier portions should meet with no small approval. Isabel's is an original character, and it is excellently drawn, forming by far the best picture which Miss Braddon has yet produced. And the interest of the story is allowed to depend upon this delineation, no sensational artifice being employed, until the middle of the last volume, to enthrall the reader's attention, and hurry him from chapter to chapter. The doctor is a good sketch, with his simple, unsuspecting character, and honest, manly heart. He is a great improvement on the husband of Madame Bovary, who is a poor, contemptible creature, and not even a good doctor. But perhaps the best personage of the story, certainly the most amusing one, is Sigismund Smith, the writer of sensational romance. He is a quiet, easy-tempered gentleman, incapable, except professionally, of any but the mildest ideas. But as a romancer he is addicted to the most horrible notions, perpetually creating the most fiendish characters, and uttering the most terrible of sentiments. Entirely wrapped up in his work, he sees in all around him the possibilities of a melodrama, and invests with a tragic interest every one with whom he is brought into contact. His description of the way in which he would have written the "Vicar of Wakefield," introducing into it a tremendous mystery, is replete with genuine humour, and some of his speeches are charming; as, for example, that in which he gives his advice to Isabel as to the best way of getting rid of a dangerous affection of the heart. A less successful, though more ambitious, sketch is that of Mr. Raymond, the philosopher of Conventford, in whom it is easy, at least for any one familiar with Coventry, to recognise the author of several profound works on very abstruse subjects.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT.*

THE useful "Rudimentary Treatises for Students of Agriculture," a previous volume of which we noticed in our impression of August 20, have reached their fourth division, wherein the management of the Dairy, of Pigs, and of Poultry, is explained and discussed. There is something so pleasant to the mind of the Londoner in the very idea of dairies and farmyards, that even the unprofessional reader may find in the little work now in our hands much that is agreeable and entertaining, though, of course, the

* Outlines of Modern Farming. By Robert Scott Burn. Vol. IV. The Management of the Dairy—Pigs—Poultry. With Notes on the Diseases of Stock, by a Veterinary Surgeon. With Illustrations. London: Virtue Brothers. Thorley's Farmer's Almanack for 1865. London: Thorley.

chief value of such a book is to the farmer and breeder. In the technical details of his subject we are very willing to submit our judgment to the tried and experienced guidance of Mr. Burn and his coadjutors. Speaking as members of the uninstructed mass, we can testify to the clearness and intelligibility of the matter, which has been compiled from the best authorities, and seems to be well arranged and digested. The series is excellently adapted for country gentlemen who contemplate farming as an employment for their leisure; and, besides that, the various treatises of which it is composed possess, as we have said, an attraction for town readers by the very force of their contrast with the customary life of cities.

Concerning the mode of feeding cows we have some interesting particulars. From experiments made by various agriculturists, it appears that the food which produced the most milk was five pounds and a half of rape-cake, thirty-six pounds of mangold, and twenty-five pounds of oat-straw; that one pound of rape-cake produced an average of one pound and a half of milk; that one pound of brewer's grains produced about a quarter of a pound of milk; that one pound of rape-cake is equal to four pounds of brewer's grains in its milk-producing powers; and that while the milk produced by the rape-cake was richer in butter, the butter produced by the grains was more delicate in flavour. Here is the bill of fare of a cow during the winter and early spring, according to the system recorded by the Rev. Mr. Pulline in a prize essay on "Dairy Management," published by the Yorkshire Agricultural Society:—A feed of twenty-eight pounds of roots the first thing in the morning; at seven A.M., seven pounds of chopped hay; at nine, a pail of water, with half a pound of bean-meal stirred into it; at ten, two pounds of linseed cake; at one P.M., seven pounds of chopped hay; at two, two pounds of linseed-cake, after being turned out to water for a few minutes; at five, twenty-eight pounds of roots; at eight, seven pounds of chopped hay. On this system of management, we are told, five cows produced in seven weeks of spring one hundred and ninety-one rolls of butter (containing twenty-four ounces in each roll), one hundred and fifty-four quarts of new milk, and forty-two quarts of cream. It is evident from these statistics that the cow consumes a goodly amount of provender, but that she knows how to return its value with interest. No animal requires more care and attention than the cow. She should not only be well fed, but in the cold weather well housed, and at all seasons kept scrupulously clean. She must have regular exercise, and not be allowed to drink too much water. Mr. A. Macdonald, of Bowood House, Calne, says, "It is a well-known fact that the London milkman does not require to add water to his milk, simply because he waters the food of his cows, and gives them large quantities to drink before milking them." This gentleman gives his cows but little water, and the result of his treatment he records, with pardonable pride, as the production of cream of such a consistency that, in the middle of winter, a spoon would stand perpendicularly in it. The same authority is very emphatic as to the necessity of keeping cows under cover at night during the winter. Though, of course, it was their original nature to be out at night, their constitutions have been so modified by the artificial training to which they have been subjected, that they cannot now bear with impunity what they were at first qualified to endure. "A Highland cow," says Mr. Macdonald, "eats the natural herbage of the hills, and knows for hours before a storm is coming, and will feed on for a considerable distance till it reaches a place of shelter from the cold. Bring that same cow from its natural grass, feed it on ours, confine it in a field where it cannot obtain shelter, and it will soon be in a worse condition than when brought here. It must be housed at night in a building completely enclosed and properly ventilated." The influence of civilization on animals is in itself a curious subject for inquiry, but one which it is, of course, beyond the purpose of Mr. Burn's little manual to consider.

As to the best utensils to be employed in the dairy, Mr. Burn has some sensible remarks. He says:—

"Much has been written and said as to the best material for milk dishes—wood, lead, tinned-iron, zinc, earthenware, and glass have all in turn been recommended, and all in turn condemned. Of these we unhesitatingly place wood as the worst, glass as the best material; the only objection which can be made, and which alone has been made, to glass, is that it is somewhat expensive, not only in first cost, but because it is liable to be easily broken. Tinned-iron and earthenware seem, therefore, to be the best, and possibly of the two earthenware is the superior. If iron vessels lined with glass or with porcelain, after the manner of some cooking utensils, were introduced into dairy practice, we believe they would supply a want long felt. As a rule, the dishes in which milk is kept for the cream to rise are too deep. On this point Dr. Voelcker says, it is a great mistake to put up milk, for cream, in dishes as deep as four or five inches, which is the usual practice; the advantages they give by taking up less space, and costing less than a number of small pans, are more than counterbalanced by the loss sustained in the smaller quantity of cream thrown up."

Pigs do not seem to be very inviting subjects for disquisition; yet there are some noteworthy things to be said of them. Probably few of our London readers are aware that there are so many breeds of pigs in England. We have the Berkshire breed (which ranks the highest), the Chinese breed (which has been largely imported into this country), the Neapolitan breed, the Hampshire breed, the Essex breed, the Sussex breed, the Windsor breed (introduced by the late Prince Albert), the Norfolk breed, and the Suffolk breed; besides many others of less name. The great leading distinction is between large and small breeds—the former supplying bacon, the latter pork and ham. All our English breeds of good quality,

according to Mr. Burn, are the result of crossing between the Chinese and Neapolitan pigs and the aboriginal English pig. The large, coarse pig may generally be assumed to be of native ancestry, or at least mainly so; the small pig, with a tendency to fatten quickly, comes of a race which has been largely crossed by Chinese or Neapolitan blood. The Windsor breed combines the attributes of both pedigrees. An animal of this stock will furnish you with large flitches of bacon, and yet fatten quickly and delicately; so that he may be considered a very estimable brute, and worthy of the high patronage which he obtained.

On the subject of rearing poultry, Mr. Burn records:—

"The eggs selected for hatching should be regular in shape, the one end being larger and rounder than the other. Various writers have described a mode of discovering by the peculiarities of the egg, its shape, or certain air-bubbles seen within it, the sex of the bird which it will produce; of this it may be said that it is considered to be more fanciful than correct. Mr. Trotter, however, it is right to state, says that he has 'known great disappointment arise from the want of a knowledge of the discovery made by Columella,' a Roman writer on agriculture, and of which this is a description. 'Select,' he says, 'the round eggs, for they contain female birds, and reject the oblong-shaped, for they contain birds of the opposite sex.'"

It will be seen from the foregoing summary and extracts that Mr. Burn's book contains matter of interest to most readers, and of value to farmers and country gentlemen. In the hands of the latter we now leave it, and at the same time commend to their attention the "Farmer's Almanack for 1865," issued by Mr. Thorley, which, though published at fourpence, contains a large body of facts, and many materials for investigation and discussion.

CAPTAIN HERBERT: A SEA-STORY.*

FIVE-and-twenty, or, at the furthest, thirty years ago, a naval novel—in most instances written by a naval captain—was as regular in its appearance during the season as its "fashionable" congener, and was in almost equal demand at Hookham's, Ebers's, or Bull's: how is it to be explained that, at the present moment, a story of real every-day sea-life is about the last thing we expect to find catalogued in Mr. Mudie's list of new books? Is the naval novelist's occupation gone?—romance frightened from the deep by the mere substitution of iron ships for wooden ones, and steam-engines and double-screws for canvas? Did a mysterious and inexplicable "sea-change" overtake the British tar, when the "saucy *Arethusas*," that were his pride and delight, were towed to their last moorings in the Medway? Are we now and henceforth to consider the life and habits so spiritedly drawn by Marryatt, Chamier, and Glascock, as obsolete, belonging to a pre-metallic age, and having no relationship with the sea-life and habits of the present time? We cannot see why it should be so. We cannot understand why black-eyed Susan should not hasten on board the *Warrior* or *Black Prince* to inquire for her William as eagerly as she boarded the oak-sided vessel that contained her sailor-love in Gay's time. Surely the changes which have naturally occurred in the general character of sea-faring men during the last quarter of a century have not been of a more levelling kind than those to which landmen have been subjected during the same period. Surely, if it were sought, there is still abundant material, both in respect of character and incident, to be found aboardship. Though ships have, for the most part, ceased to be what they were when Shylock made his detestable bargain with Antonio—mere "boards"—undoubtedly sailors are still "but men;" and, as the Jew says, "there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks." We are immensely mistaken if every "Black-Ball liner" that sails for the Antipodes does not carry with her the rough material for a naval novel,—if every vessel in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet might not give her name to a three-volume romance, and lend her captain for the hero. Need any novelist seek a better personification of naval intrepidity than the captain of the "brave *Iberia*," celebrated by Thackeray in his ballad of the "White Squall?"—though, by the way, we have heard that the gallant sailor was angry with the poet, under the idea that he was being lampooned instead of splendidly complimented. This was "Captain Lewis," who, through the turmoil of the wind-storm—

"Calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.

* * * * *

For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And, as the tempest caught her,
Cried, 'George! some brandy and water!'"

If it had chanced that a Marryatt or a Chamier had been with the naval brigade in the Crimea, we have not the shadow of a doubt as to his finding subject-matter for a dozen volumes ready to his hand. Have the brilliant passages in the story of Captain Peel's services in the Indian mutiny nothing in them to tempt a

* Captain Herbert: a Sea-Story. In three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

writer of naval romance? Is nothing in the way of romantic incident to be gleaned from the varied operations of our fleets in Chinese waters or Japanese? That there is no lack of stuff for sea-story-tellers we have ample testimony in the number of books of naval adventure published within the last ten years by Kingston, Mayne Reid, Dalton, Ballantyne, and half a dozen other writers of less special reputation; but all these authors have more or less directly written for boys, and the reader of naval novels is under little or no obligation to them. What is wanting, in fact, is a first-rate naval novelist; and we confess to being not very hopeful of soon finding him. The author of "Captain Herbert" is certainly not the desiderated writer.

We have no intention of dealing severely with this so-called sea-story, or of holding the author altogether answerable for the disappointment we have felt on reading it. There is a salt flavour about its title which has stimulated our appetite perhaps a little too strongly at the outset of the feast, and weakened our relish for some of the best dishes set before us. But we admit that our disappointment is consequent rather upon the oversanguineness of our own anticipations than in the shortcomings of the writer; we had ventured to hope that in "Captain Herbert" we should find a book worthy of ranking with "Jacob Faithful" or "Ben Brace," and our hopes have not been realized. "Captain Herbert" is as much a land-story as a sea-story, and, though it is written by a man who evidently is familiar with the sea, it is entirely wanting in distinctive character. We take his present book to be a first attempt at novel-writing; and, looking at it in that light, we may say that is not without promise. What is quite clear is, that he has yet to learn how to tell a story in such a way as to enlist and sustain his reader's interest; and that he will never do himself justice until he has acquired Pope's "art of arts—the art to blot." To write *currente calamo*, as he appears to do, is generally a delusive process. At least one-third of the bulk of his book is a heavy incumbrance upon it—indeed, we may almost say that one-half of the details are inconsequential; at all events, we fail to detect their relevancy to the main action of the story. What the story is, in fact, is by no means obvious. Taking Captain Herbert, of his Majesty's ship *Astræa*, as being intended by the author for his hero, and following his career, we are able to make out a plot of exceedingly simple construction; but this we can only do by firmly declining to be turned from our course by any regard for the doings and sayings of the secondary characters. By adopting these means, we ascertain with tolerable clearness that some eighty years ago, when the good city of Bristol was one of the most flourishing centres of commerce in the kingdom, the only son of one of its wealthiest merchants was entered as midshipman on the books of the *Astræa*, Captain Herbert, commander. The lad's name is Henry Spencer, and his father trades under the title of "Broadby & Co.," in partnership with one Matthew Ffloyd, about whose antecedents there is a mystery. Mr. Spencer has two daughters, one of whom, Kate, is the heroine of the book. With this young lady Captain Herbert, though he is old enough to be her father, falls in love before setting sail for the West India station. At this time he is fortuneless, and Kate the daughter of a rich merchant, who would give her a splendid dowry; he is proud, and therefore refrains from declaring his passion. In the course of time, however, he becomes both wealthy and titled, and returns home to settle in his family mansion. Meanwhile Kate has fallen into the hands of a *roué*, from whom he snatches her not one moment too soon; and the story ends with their marriage.

About the not very robust body of this love-tale, the author has wound—or rather heaped on it—a network in which the reader will be fortunate if he does not find himself inextricably entangled. As a preparatory study, he appears to have laboriously rubbed up his historical reading, and the result is that he works in every available reference to the events or men of the time to which his story refers, to the utter bewilderment of his readers and the ruin of his book as a work of art. It will be remarked, as characteristic of "Captain Herbert," that the sort of patriotism which we have been used to find expressed in the naval novels of other days is here completely discarded; in the only battle described—between the fleets of Vice-Admiral Byron and the Count d'Estaing—the British fleet is badly crippled, while that of France sails proudly out of the action, comparatively little the worse for the encounter. In some minor engagements, moreover, Captain Herbert is represented as being anything but a victor. Perhaps the author writes in this fashion on principle, and with a view to the administration of a wholesome antidote to the pernicious one-sidedness of the naval story-tellers who have gone before him. No one, we think, will thank him for his pains, especially as the progress of his story is in no way affected by the discomfiture of the fleet in which his hero is supposed to be serving. The only object of the author appears to have been to display his knowledge of the naval tactics of eighty or ninety years ago, and the details of the battle which he has given are neither dramatically exciting nor scientifically interesting. Without doubt, the melodramatic portion of his book is that in which he has best succeeded; but even there he has worked with an almost singularly inartistic hand. Running an intermittent course through his three volumes is the story of Matthew Ffloyd's career. This man has been, in his earlier years, the agent of the house of Broadby & Co., at Kingston, in Jamaica, and has subsequently become the sole representative of the firm, ultimately selling his interest in it to Mr. Spencer, and entering upon a separate business as a sugar-baker. It is suggested by the author that, at the period of his story, when Bristol was enjoying its

greatest commercial prosperity, its merchants were not too particular as to the sources of their wealth; that, so long as their captains brought home good profits from their voyage, they did not trouble themselves with the details of their agents' trading. "The armed Bristol merchantman was often years away, lawfully engaged in the 'ebony trade' between the Guinea coast and somewhere about the opposite Caribbees; and on her return the keen supercargo and the bold captain looked brown, but honest; the respectable owner, having seen nothing but various bills of lading and exchange, went in the more thankful mood with his family to church; while the good craft herself, repainted, as the fashion is ere coming into port, and with rigging well repaired, would throughout the rest of that Sunday seem to survey herself in the still water of the dock with a considerably more conscious air than any of them—since her well-moulded bows would contrast with many a clumsy neighbour, and she would have a black cook on board, looking idly over, wooden-legged, or ignorant of English, or with no human meaning in his visage, so that the freedom conferred by British soil would have been of no use to him; nor could he tell any tale." One of Broadby & Company's ships having been lost in the neighbourhood of Cuba, the owner writes to his agent, pointing out Don Victor di Eterrega, the commander of the Portuguese guard-ship on the station, as in collusion with the pirates into whose hands the vessel had fallen. The agent has at one time served on board the *guarda-costas*, under the name of Coguel, and owes his former captain a terrible grudge, for having been crossed by him in a love affair. Having contrived a diabolical scheme of revenge, he goes on board Don Victor's vessel with some real or pretended information against a smuggling craft. After an unsuccessful attempt has been made to overhaul the *contrabandista*, the Government ship has to be taken to the coast and dismantled for repairs, the greater part of her crew being set on shore. Coguel plies with liquor those who remain on board, and, when all are drunk or asleep, sets fire to her magazine, and she and all who are on board, with the exception of himself and a mulatto boy, are destroyed, Don Victor being of the number. Twenty years after this atrocious deed has been perpetrated, a son of Don Victor's turns up to confront Matthew Ffloyd, or Coguel, who ultimately dies by the hand of the mulatto. The tangled skein out of which we are just able to draw the thread of this part of the story is knotted and double-knotted by the introduction of two Jesuits, of whose mysterious and interminable talk we will not attempt to give any account.

We have already said—and it is the most we can say—that "Captain Herbert" is not unpromising. What the author has especially to study is the art of constructing a plot, so that the main incidents in it shall stand out with due prominence from those which are in their nature subordinate. He has, moreover, to correct an execrable style. There is hardly a page out of the 973 contained in his book, that is not disfigured by some flagrant solecism. Passages as bad as, or worse than, the following might be cited by the score as examples:—

"On the subject of this last he avoided to particularise" (vol. i., p. 21).

"He seemed to have fallen or thrown himself over the knife, and, after it clotted, to bleed inwardly; this was a gag sufficient to keep him mute, for it was fast choking him" (vol. iii., p. 255).

"Fast sinking as old Ffloyd was, all the more living intensity looked out like a waking soul from his black Welsh eye—almost Spanish when so set in ashy features: their dull bloated outline was all gone; gaunt and large came out the bony mould of a former regularity, which had been handsome in his youth" (*ib.*, p. 259).

"He dismounted before entering the streets, and gave his horse to the servant, who had ridden behind, to be taken forward to the inn, while he strolled homeward by a route still quieter; not that his horsemanship was in the least timid, or awkward-marked in its peculiar cast (originally acquired in travel among the Bedouins of the Nile); his easy grace and natural advantages being sufficient, indeed, to have set-off the plainest cob that had passed him" (vol. ii., p. 3).

The writer who carelessly leaves his reader to correct him, subjects himself to the risk of being left unread; and this risk appears to us too imminent in the case of the author of "Captain Herbert."

FRENCH LITERATURE.*

MANY school-books of specimens of English literature, consisting of a series of extracts, in prose and verse, from the works of some of our most eminent authors of different eras, have, from time to time, been published, for the benefit of students and others desirous of becoming acquainted with the beauties of our British classics. A French work of a similar kind is now given to the younger branches of the English reading public by M. le Page, French professor in London. The book is, in point of fact, as M. le Page says, a *tableau* of French literature. The author, or compiler, truly remarks in his preface, that, if the first object to be attained in learning a language is to be able to converse with those who speak it, the second ought certainly to be to make oneself acquainted with the works of those authors who have written in it. "To the study of a language," says M. le Page, "should naturally succeed that of its literature." It is mainly with this

* *Gems of French Literature; in Prose and Verse. With Chronological and Critical Notices of the Eminent Writers in France from the Fourteenth Century to the Nineteenth.* By M. le Page, Professor of the French Language in London. London: Virtue Brothers.

intention that the present selection from the works of French writers has been compiled. M. le Page observes:—"I know that there already exist several books of this nature. But they are generally incomplete; some, because they only contain remarks on the writers; others, because they do not give extracts of all the masterpieces which ought to be contained therein (*auraient dû y figurer*), and those that they contain are too little varied, often too short, and, what is worse still, presented under a false aspect." M. le Page, however, has the modesty to admit that his own work may no more be free from these defects and shortcomings than those which have preceded it. He accordingly wisely leaves the whole question to the judgment and decision of his young readers.

The work is comprised in two volumes, the first consisting entirely of prose selections, and the second wholly of poetry. The extracts from the writings of the various authors are arranged chronologically under separate heads, referring to the epoch or century in which they lived and wrote, and a brief critical notice of each, mentioning also the year of birth and death, is prefixed. We have specimens of the productions of all those illustrious authors whose names adorn the pages of French literature, from Froissart downwards to the present time. Several specimens of the poetical and prose works of French writers of the present century, and of some living authors, are likewise given, including, amongst the latter, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Thiers, Guizot, and Scribe. M. le Page does not, however, in every instance give specimens of the writings of the authors whom he notices in the course of his book; but where he does make extracts from the French classics, they are generally very numerous and copious. For instance, he quotes several scenes at full length from Molière's comedies, "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," "*Médecin malgré Lui*," "*L'Avare*," "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," "*Malade Imaginaire*," and "*Tartuffe*;" he gives nearly the whole of one of Corneille's tragedies, besides many entire scenes from several others, and presents his readers with the greater part of the first book of "*Gil Blas*," and the first three chapters of the second. Sometimes, at the end of each extract, he appends an English translation of some of the more difficult or obsolete French words and idiomatic phrases.

The specimens, both of poetry and prose, are frequently very interesting; but we cannot help thinking that, in several instances, M. le Page's extracts are a great deal too long for a work of this kind. It would have been better, in our opinion, if, instead of quoting scene after scene, or chapter after chapter, from different plays and novels, he had contented himself with merely giving a few of the most remarkable speeches and soliloquies of some of the characters in the drama or novel, and only the most striking portions of the more telling scenes. But the book is, nevertheless, in many respects, a good one, and will doubtless prove very useful to many a young student of the French language and literature. The notices prefixed to each writer are just and to the purpose, and for the most part conceived in an impartial spirit; and M. le Page has carefully omitted, in all he quotes, anything that might be considered objectionable, so that his book might be safely read by the youth of both sexes. From a critical point of view, we need hardly say more than we have already expressed; for a production which is made up almost entirely of selections from the writings of authors whose names are generally known, calls for but little in the way of comment.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Dictionary of Medical and Surgical Knowledge, and Complete Practical Guide in Health and Disease, for Families, Emigrants, and Colonists. By the Editor of "*The Dictionary of Useful Knowledge*," &c. (Houlston & Wright).—For "*emigrants and colonists*," such a work as this Medical Dictionary—one of the "*Inquire Within and Reason Why*" series—may unquestionably be useful; but "*families*" living anywhere within the reach of medical men had far better, in all serious cases, as the editor himself admits, call in the aid of a duly constituted practitioner. It is true that in many trifling ailments a little common sense and intelligent knowledge are all that is required; but for those qualifications we do not need so elaborate a work as the present, in which it is vainly sought to popularize the abstruse mysteries of medical science and anatomy. The editor says that his great object has been to produce a strictly domestic book, and that he has consequently omitted certain branches of his general subject which it would not be found advisable to discuss in the family circle. It appears to us that he has committed the not uncommon mistake of endeavouring to sit between two stools, with the result usually attendant on that feat. If his design was to produce a scientific work, even of a popular kind, it was a mistake to omit some of the most important departments of medical investigation; if, on the other hand, he wished to make his Dictionary entirely acceptable as a family book, he should have left out a great deal more. After including so much which, from the purely domestic point of view, is objectionable, his squeamishness on other points is not very easy to be understood. Still, there is a good deal of instructive reading in the volume, chiefly on matters connected with the preservation of health. We have noted, however, a singular blunder in the article on the "*Taliacotian Operation*" for restoring lost noses. Taliacotus is there said to have been "*a celebrated Chinese surgeon, who flourished about the beginning of the Christian era*." The process in question has doubtless been known in India for many centuries, and may have been invented by a Chinese; but Taliacotus himself was an Italian of the sixteenth century, whose real name was Tagliacozzi, or Tagliacozzi. In other parts of the work we observe references to articles which do not appear.

Dictionary of Geography, Descriptive, Physical, Statistical, and Historical. Forming a Complete General Gazetteer of the World. By Alex. Keith Johnston, F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c. (Longman & Co.).—Exactly ten years have elapsed since the original publication of Mr. Keith Johnston's compact and useful "*Gazetteer*." A new edition, revised to August, 1864, is now put forth, and calls for recognition at our hands. It forms an exceedingly thick book of 1,402 pages, and, though a little cumbersome, has the convenience—a very great one in a work of reference, which people may want to consult in a hurry in two or three different parts of the alphabet—of combining in one volume all the countries, cities, towns, seas, &c., of the world. The type is small, but very legible, and the information seems to be comprehensive. The system is to give everything within a small compass, so that even the greatest States do not occupy many columns; but a large number of places commonly omitted in Geographical Dictionaries are here included. The information has been corrected down to the latest possible date; the notes on climate, temperature, and rainfall have been much extended in the present edition; and many interesting particulars with reference to the British Islands have been deduced from the levelling tables of the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey. Thus revised, the work is destined to a new career of usefulness.

The Essentials of Spelling. By E. Jones, B.A. (F. Pitman).—Mr. Jones describes his book as "*a comprehensive classification of the difficulties of English spelling, with rules for spelling and exercises thereon, adapted to the Revised Code Examinations, the Civil Service Examinations, and to schools generally*." That he is competent to do some service in a very perplexing branch of education is sufficiently vouched for by the fact that this is the third edition of his little treatise, and that no less an authority than Professor Max Müller (to whom the book is dedicated by permission) speaks of the design as being very skilfully handled. The author proceeds upon a classification of the anomalies of English orthography, as exhibited in words of one syllable, which, as the number of monosyllables in the language is about three thousand, must have been a work of great labour; and subsequently in connexion with longer words. Schoolmasters and tutors are better qualified than ourselves to judge how far the plan answers the practical purposes of tuition.

German Accidence; or, Essentials of German Grammar. By Karl Dammann, Phil. Dr., Professor of German in King Edward's School, and at the Midland Institute, Birmingham (David Nutt).—Dr. Dammann says that his work is intended to be an introduction to larger grammars, and to be used as a companion to any practice-book already in the student's hands, or by those who wish to correct their knowledge of the forms of German grammar, or who are preparing for examination. We have no doubt that to all such it will prove useful—the author having based his system on the researches of Grimm, Jost, and Becker.

Ince and Gilbert's Outlines (Kent & Co.).—We have here, in little closely-printed volumes, bound in stiff paper covers, two useful school books—the one entitled "*Outlines of Roman History*," by the Rev. Edmund Boger, M.A., Head Master of St. Saviour's Grammar-school, Southwark; the other "*Descriptive Geography, Mathematical, Physico-Political, and Statistical*," by Professor Wallace, M.A., of the University of Glasgow, and Collegiate Teacher to the University of London. Both appear to be well done, and to leave no boy who has the happiness of being taught from them any reasonable excuse for being ignorant.

The Pupil Teacher's and Student's Hand-book of Scripture. By George Turner, Head Master of Queenbury (late Queen's Head) School, Halifax (Longman & Co.).—Mr. Turner's work, though not extending to more than 120 pages, contains an analysis of each of the four Gospels, and of the Acts of the Apostles; the historical geography of all the principal places in the Holy Land, alphabetically arranged; and five hundred and fifty questions on the Old and New Testament. The object of the compilation is to meet the requirements of pupil teachers under the shortened period of instruction laid down in the Revised Code.

Faith and Life (Rivingtons).—Mr. William Bright, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of University College, Oxford, has collected a number of readings for the greater holidays and the Sundays from Advent to Trinity, compiled from ancient writers, and illustrated with notes on Eternal Judgment and Christ's Sacrifice. The "*ancient writers*" are the early Fathers and saints, and the book, both in its matter and its somewhat missal-like form of production, has a decidedly High Church character. Mr. Bright, in his Preface, contends for the absolute necessity of dogma as the foundation of all Christian morals—a position from which, we believe, not many Churchmen would be found to dissent; but there would probably be considerable disagreement as to the value of some of the dogmas which Mr. Bright holds in reverence.

De La Rue's Diaries, &c. (De La Rue & Co.).—A packet of Messrs. De La Rue & Co.'s Diaries, Calendars, and Memorandum Books, lies before us. Their usefulness has been well known for some years past, and we need only say that their reputation is now fully sustained.

Vols. II., III., IV., and V. of Messrs. Bell & Daldy's pocket edition of *Shakespeare's Plays* are to hand. The type is very clear, though, of course, small; and the whole appearance is extremely neat.

We have received Vol. II. of the collected edition of *The Theological Works of the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A.* (Houlston & Wright);—a new edition of *Heaven our Home* (Edinburgh: Nimmo);—No. XII. of *The Church Builder* (Rivingtons);—No. IX. of *Events of the Month* (J. & C. Mozley);—and Part I., Vol. XII., of *The Assurance Magazine and Journal of the Institute of Actuaries* (C. & E. Layton).

Mr. Mark Lemon is about to appear again as a novelist. His new work, entitled "*Loved at Last!*" will be published in the course of the present month, in 3 vols., by Messrs. BRADBURY & EVANS.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A CURIOUS discovery is announced—the “Earlier Remains of Archbishop Whately,” which were only lighted upon after the printing of the former volume of the prelate’s minor writings. It is said that the Messrs. LONGMAN will issue these at once.

A ridiculous paragraph has been going the round of the press, stating that Mr. Tennyson has pocketed not less than £10,000 by the sale of his last volume—“*Enoch Arden*.” We do not pretend to be acquainted with the Laureate’s financial affairs, nor to know how much money his publishers have paid him; but this we do know—and from the best authority—that up to the present time about 32,000 copies of the work in question have been sold. On no other business matter is there usually displayed so much popular misconception and ignorance as when the profits arising from the publications of eminent authors are concerned. The habits, dress, and incomes of great men will, perhaps, always be matter of lively interest to curious readers and to “worshippers;” but a little common-sense should at least guide those who construct *ana*, and concoct literary statistics. “*Enoch Arden*” is a six-shilling book; a part of this amount—say something less than two shillings—will have to be deducted as the trade per centage, or booksellers’ allowance; the printer will take another portion, the binder another, and the paper-merchant and advertising-agent will also expect to be paid. Assuming that two shillings per copy, or even three shillings, may be the author’s royalty, it is tolerably clear that the £10,000 said to be Mr. Tennyson’s recent gain is simply one of those pleasant fictions started and circulated for popular amusement. So few poetical publications ever pay for paper and print that a great metrical success is not unlikely to magnify itself; and this, we suppose, must be the excuse for the paragraph in error recently circulated.

Owing to the pressure of other matter, we were unable to mention in our last number the decease of Mr. John Heywood, the well-known publisher of Manchester. This gentleman was the brother of Mr. Abel Heywood, formerly mayor of that city, and himself an enterprising bookseller. We believe the care of the business will devolve upon the son, who has had a prominent share in the management for some years.

Prince Napoleon is said to be actively employed superintending the labours of a staff of editors engaged upon a complete collection of the letters and despatches of the first Emperor. Agents are said to have been sent to England, Italy, Germany, Spain, Russia, and even to America, for the purpose of collecting those writings which have passed into the cabinets of autograph collectors. We imagine that Messrs. Puttick & Simpson could give information of value to the Prince, and we may say, from our own knowledge, that we remember some fifteen years ago to have seen a magnificent letter from the great Napoleon to his brother Joseph, sometime King of Spain, in—where does the reader imagine?—the library of Beloit College, a backwoods seminary in Wisconsin, a western State lying between the extreme western waters of Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi.

Speaking of the forthcoming Napoleon despatches, &c., a correspondent objects to the plan of Prince Napoleon and M. Sainte-Beuve, his assistant, on the ground “that the work of a man of genius should be left untouched by inferior minds. So many years have passed away since the judgments of Napoleon on many men of eminence were uttered that their publication to-day could not injure anybody. To see Napoleon in his true character, such as his private letters show him, would furnish the historian with much valuable knowledge, and the metaphysician as well. All the sources of such knowledge have been up to the present closed, for the effect of every word uttered in St. Helena was calculated, and little was said there which was not likely one day to serve the King of Rome, or keep alive the superstitious admiration with which the speaker was regarded by a large section of the French people.”

The successors of Madame Tussaud appear to have made up their minds about the guilt of Müller, for posters cover our London hoardings informing us that the prisoner accused of murdering Mr. Briggs has been added to the collection of wax figures. It does not say whether this is to be seen in the “Chamber of Horrors,” but we assume as much from the style of advertising. Publishers, too, are not behind-hand with the public, for the proprietors of the *Illustrated Police News* put forth a sensational advertisement, begging the public to “Look out! look out!” as they are about to issue “All about Müller; the History of the Murder of Mr. Briggs, profusely illustrated with portraits and engravings.” Can these displays and literary panderings benefit the public morals?

From Paris we learn that M. Charles Raybaud, a writer of considerable merit, died a few days since. It is also said that the news of the death of Jules Gérard proved fatal to a sister of his at Nice. On being informed of that event, she was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which carried her off immediately.

We learn from Madrid that the National Library there has just obtained “the only copy that exists of the first edition of ‘*Don Quixote*.’” Surely this must be an error. If we mistake not, the Señor de Gayangos has two or three copies under his charge, and not long ago a copy was sold amongst the rarities dispersed by Count Libri.

A little volume of broad fun, reminding the reader of the well-known “*Comic Annual*” and “*Whims and Oddities*,” will shortly be published under the title of “*Vere Verreker’s Vengeance, a Sensation*.” Readers of *Punch* who took delight in the waggeries of “*Mokeana*” will not be disappointed in any acquaintance they may form with Mr. Vere Verreker. The illustrations, we believe, will be quite as *à propos* to the text as those to be met with in many other recent works. The author is Mr. Thomas Hood.

Mr. T. Spencer Baynes, the author of some able metaphysical works, and recently a resident in London, has just been appointed to the logic chair in the University of St. Andrew’s. Mr. Baynes was formerly a student in this college.

Our statement last week that the list of works forthcoming from the great publishing-house in Albemarle-street will be found to contain some new books of more than ordinary interest, is well borne out by the following:—Mr. JOHN MURRAY will issue, during the present autumn and coming winter: “*The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English Blank Verse by Edward, Earl of Derby*,” 2 vols.; “*Plato, and the other Companions of Socrates*,” by George Grote, F.R.S., author of the “*History of Greece*,” 3 vols.; “*Narrative of an Expedition to the Lambezi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa between the Years 1858 and 1864, by David Livingstone, M.D., and Charles Livingstone*,” with a map and other illustrations from sketches and photographs; “*The Hand Bible—the New Testament, illustrated, with a plain Commentary for Private and Family Reading*,” by the Rev. Ed. Churton, Archdeacon of Cleveland, and Rev. Basil Jones, Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, with views from photographs and sketches made on the spot, 2 vols.; “*Travels and Adventures of Arminius Vambery*,” who was despatched by the Hungarian Academy on a scientific mission to the East, and in the disguise of a dervish succeeded in traversing Central Asia from the Caspian to the Sea of Aral, through the Deserts of the Oxus, to Khiwa, and by Conrad, Bokhara, Samarcand, Karshee, Kirkee, Meema, and Balk to Meshed, from notes made on the spot, with map and illustrations; “*The British Army in China and Japan*,” by D. F. Rennie, M.D., Senior Medical Officer to the Forces in the North of China; a second series of “*Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church, from Samuel to the Captivity*,” by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Westminster, with maps; “*Parliamentary Government Considered with Reference to Reform*,” with Suggestions for the Improvement of our Representative System, and an Examination of the Reform Bills of 1859 and 1861, by Earl Grey, a new edition, revised throughout, with additional chapters; “*Narrative of the Siberian Overland Journey from Pekin to Petersburg, through the Deserts and Steppes of Mongolia, Tartary, Siberia*,” &c., by Alexander Mechie, with map and illustrations; “*History of the French Revolution—1789–1795*,” by Professor Von Sybel, of Munich; translated from the last edition, with the author’s sanction, by Edward Wilberforce, M.A.; “*Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain, from Personal Observations during several Journeys through that Country*,” by George Edmund Street, author of “*Brick and Marble Architecture of Italy in the Middle Ages*,” illustrated with plans and views of buildings; “*Researches into the History of Mankind and on the Early Development of Civilization*,” by Edward Burnet Tyler, author of “*Mexico and the Mexicans*,” with illustrations; “*The Judges of England, with Sketches of their Lives and Notices of the Courts at Westminster, from the Conquest to the Present Time*,” by Edward Foss, F.S.A., Vols. VII., VIII., and IX. (completing the work); these volumes commence with the reign of Charles II., and contain the remainder of the Stuart dynasty, and the whole of the Hanoverian family; “*Ephemeræ*,” by Lord Lyttelton; “*James Brindley and the Early Engineers*,” by Samuel Smiles, with illustrations; “*The Story of George Stephenson’s Life*,” a new, enlarged, and thoroughly-revised edition, including a Memoir of Robert Stephenson, by Samuel Smiles, with many illustrations, uniform with the “*Lives of George and Robert Stephenson*,” “*Poems*,” by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P., a new edition; “*A New History of Painting in Italy, from the Second to the Seventeenth Century*,” from original materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, and from personal inspection of the works of art in that country and elsewhere, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, with numerous illustrations, Vols. I. and II.; “*Lives of the Warriors of the Seventeenth Century who have Commanded Fleets and Armies before the Enemy*,” by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., author of “*Annals of the Wars*,” “*The Modern Samaritans, and a Visit to Nablous*,” by the Rev. John Mills, with illustrations; “*An English Gentleman’s House*,” being practical hints for its plan and arrangement, by Robert Kerr, architect, with numerous plans and views; “*A New History of Modern Europe*,” from the taking of Constantinople by the Turks to the Close of the War in the Crimea—1453–1857—by Thomas H. Dyer, Vols. III. and IV., completing the work, with copious Index; “*Physical Geography of the Holy Land*,” by the Rev. Ed. Robinson, D.D., author of “*Biblical Researches in Palestine*,” with a map; a new and enlarged edition of Sir Charles Lyell’s “*Elements of Geology, or the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants*,” with woodcuts; “*Modern Warfare as Influenced by Modern Artillery*,” by Col. P. L. Macdougall, author of the “*Theory of War*,” “*Some Account of the Music of the Most Ancient Nations, particularly of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews*,” by Carl Engel, with illustrations; “*The Works of Alexander Pope*,” with a new Life, Introduction, and Notes, by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, B.A., with portraits; “*The History of Latin Christianity*,” including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V., by Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul’s, third and revised edition, 9 vols.; “*Memorials of Service in India, from the Correspondence of Major Macpherson, C.B., Agent for the Suppression of Human Sacrifices in Orissa and at the Court of Sindiah during the Mutiny*,” edited by his brother, Wm. Macpherson, with illustrations; “*Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*,” commenced by the late C. R. Leslie, R.A., and continued and concluded by Tom Taylor, with portraits, 2 vols.; “*Choice Specimens of English Literature, selected from the Chief English Writers*,” by Thomas B. Shaw, M.A.; edited, with additions, by William Smith, LL.D.; a companion volume to the “*Student’s Manual of English Literature*,” “*History of Media, Babylon, and Persia—the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Ancient Monarchies*,” by the Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., Vols. III. and IV. (completing the work); “*Memoir of Bishop Blomfield*,” by the Rev. Alfred Blomfield, M.A., new edition, with portrait; “*Diary of Mary, Countess Cowper, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, 1714–20*,” new edition, portrait, 10s. 6d.; “*Hymns in Prose for Children*,” by Mrs. Barbauld, with 112 original designs, new and cheaper edition; “*Self-Help, ou Caractère, Conduite, et Persévérance, illustrés à l’aide de Biographies*,” traduit par A. Salandier; “*Illustrations of the Brick and Terra-Cotta Buildings of Lombardy—Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries—as Examples for Imitation in*

other Countries," engraved and printed in colours, with sections, mouldings, and working drawings, by Lewis Gruner, small folio; "Handbook for Surrey, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight," a new and revised edition; "A Classical and Biblical Atlas," Part I., by Dr. William Smith; Part II., "The Holy Land and Countries of the Bible," by George Grove, Esq.; "A New English-Latin Dictionary," by Dr. William Smith and Theophilus D. Hall, M.A., 8vo. and 12mo., uniform with Dr. Smith's Latin-English Dictionary; "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," by various writers, edited by Dr. William Smith; "The Student's Manual of Modern Geography," by Dr. William Smith, with maps and illustrations; "The Student's Manual of Scripture History," by Dr. William Smith.

To Messrs. LONGMAN & Co.'s recent list we have now to add some important scientific and medical works:—"The Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," by Richard Owen, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Natural History Departments, British Museum, 2 vols., with above 1,200 woodcuts; "A Manual of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, abridged from Dr. Pereira's Elements," by F. J. Farre, R. Bentley, and B. Warrington, 1 vol.; "A Dictionary of Practical Medicine," by J. Copland, 1 vol. Also in general literature, besides the works we have lately announced, "Historical Studies," by Herman Merivale, 1 vol.; "The Conversion of the Roman Empire," Eight Sermons, by the Rev. Charles Merivale, Rector of Lawford, and Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, 1 vol.

Messrs. RIVINGTON'S new list of works in the press includes "Hymns from the German," translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox (2nd edition, revised and enlarged); "Household Prayer, from Ancient and Authorized Sources, with Morning and Evening Readings from the Gospels, and Epistles for each Day of the Month," by the Rev. P. G. Medd, Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford; "The Holy Bible, with Notes and Introductions," by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Part I., containing Genesis and Exodus; and some minor theological works and pamphlets.

Messrs. VIRTUE BROTHERS will publish in a few days "Steps and Stages on the Road to Glory," by the Author of "Our Heavenly Home."

Messrs. TINSLEY BROTHERS will shortly publish the new novel by Mr. Alfred Austin, author of "The Season, a Satire," &c., and alluded to by us a short time since under the title of "An Artist's Proof," in 3 vols.; also, reprinted from the *Times*, by permission, in 2 vols., "Mornings of the Recess in 1861-4," being a Series of Literary and Biographical Papers, by Mr. Samuel Lucas.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD & SONS have in the press a volume entitled "The Economy of Capital, or Thoughts on Gold and Trade," by R. H. Patterson, author of "The New Revolution, or the Napoleonic Policy in Europe," &c. Mr. Patterson is generally understood to be the contributor of the articles on monetary and financial matters which occasionally appear in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Mr. BENTLEY announces a new work by Viscount Bury, M.P., entitled "Europe Beyond the Sea, an Account of the Progress of the Teutonic Nations in America, illustrated by the Social and Political History of the English, French, and Spaniards, on both sides of the Atlantic," 2 vols.; a third and fourth volume of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," bringing the work down to the period of the Reformation, by W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester; a third and concluding volume of Earl Russell's "Life of Charles James Fox," "The History of Greece to the Close of the Peloponnesian War," by Dr. Curtius, translated by Miss Bunnett, under the superintendence of Dr. Curtius, 2 vols.; "Adam and the Adamites, or the Harmony of Scripture and Ethnology," by Dr. McCausland; illustrations; "Israel in the Wilderness, a Popular Account of the Journeying of the Israelitish People," illustrated by Inscriptions on the Rocks in the Wilderness, by Rev. C. Forster; "Henrietta Caracciolo, or Convent Life in Naples, a True Narrative."

The following new works will be published by Mr. NEWBY during the months of October, November, and December:—"A Right-minded Woman," a novel, by Frank Trollope, in 3 vols.; a new novel, by the author of "Wondrous Strange"; "Beatrice Lee," a novel, by L. Curling, author of "Mary Graham," in 2 vols.; "The Root of all Evil," a novel, by Elizabeth Sheldon; "Alice Farrar," a novel, by Ellinor J. Kelly, in 3 vols.; "Yaxley and its Neighbourhood," a novel, by the author of "Myself and my Relations," in 3 vols.; "The Serf Wife among the Mines of Siberia," by the author of "From Morn till Eve in Europe," in 1 vol.; "English America, or Pictures of Canadian Places and People," by Samuel Philip Day, author of "Down South," in 2 vols.; "Cecil Forester," a novel, by F. Sheridan; "Nellie Miles," a novel, by Rae Rae; "Fortune's Football," a novel, by Mrs. Meeker, author of "Alice Sherwin," in 3 vols.; "Prince Hassan's Carpet," by Hope Luttrell, in 1 vol.; and "The Rector's Homestead," a novel, in 1 vol.

Mr. HARDWICKE will publish during the present season—"Synopsis Filicum, or Synopsis of all known Ferns, including *Schizaceae*, *Osmundaceae*, *Marattiaceae*, and *Ophioglossaceae*," by Sir W. J. Hooker, in ten monthly parts, illustrated by Fitch; a work on the "British and Foreign Ferns capable of Cultivation in this Country," with plain directions, &c., by John Smith, late Curator at Kew; the third volume of "Sowerby's Botany," by Mr. Syme and Mrs. Lankester, including all plants ranked under the natural orders *Leguminiferae* to *Rosaceae*; "Rust, Smut, Mildew, and Mould under the Microscope: a Plain and Easy Guide to the Study of Microscopic Fungi," by M. C. Cooke; "An Illustrated Catalogue of the British Sponges, accompanied by the Original Descriptions of the various Families, Genera, and Species, and a Chronological Bibliography," by S. J. Mackie, F.G.S., in monthly parts; the completion of Professor Buckman's "Science and Practice in Farm Cultivation, including Good Corn, Good Hedges, Good Timber, and Good Orchards," "The Astronomical Observer, a Handbook for the Observatory and Common Telescope," by W. A. Darby; a new work by Dr. Wynter; "Inventive Drawing, a Practical Development of Elementary Design," by E. Ball; "Operative and Conservative Surgery," by Dr. Butcher, of Dublin, illustrated by chromo-lithographs; "Clinical Notes on Uterine Surgery," by Dr. Marion Sims, of the Woman's Hospital, New York;

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During November and December, Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS will publish—"Ten Years in Sweden," by the Old Bushman, author of "A Spring and Summer in Lapland;" "The Temple Anecdotes," Vol. I., by Ralph and Chandos Temple; "The Pauper, the Thief, and the Convict," by Thomas Archer; "To-day—Essays and Miscellanies," by John Hollingshead; "The Childhood and School-room Hours of Royal Children," by Julia Luard; "Two Months in a London Hospital," by Arnold J. Cooley; "The Magnet Stories," Vol. VIII.; and eight new volumes of Groombridge's Shilling Gift Books, completing this popular series in twenty volumes.

The last, and perhaps most remarkable, work of Condorcet, "Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain," which has not been reprinted for forty years, has just appeared in two volumes as an addition to the "Bibliothèque Nationale."

The French publishers, ALFRED MAME & SON, have just brought out a magnificently illustrated work, entitled, "L'Air et le Monde Aérien," written by M. Arthur Mangin, whose "Mystères de l'Océan" met with such a brilliant success.

DENTU & Co. have published a volume of sonnets by Antonio Spinelli, called "Ce que disent les Fleurs."

M. H. TAINE has just published, at the house of HACHETTE & Co., the fourth volume of his "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," treating of contemporary authors.

M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY has just published, at the house of DIDIER & Co., a new edition of his curious "Histoire d'Attila."

The second volume of "Réminiscences," by M. J. J. Coulmann, has just appeared at the house of MICHEL LEVY.

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 Morris (Rev. F. O.), History of British Birds. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Mott (Mrs.), The Stones of Palestine. Sm. 4to., 12s. 6d.
 Novum Testamentum Græce. Edited by B. H. Cowper. 8vo., 6s.
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